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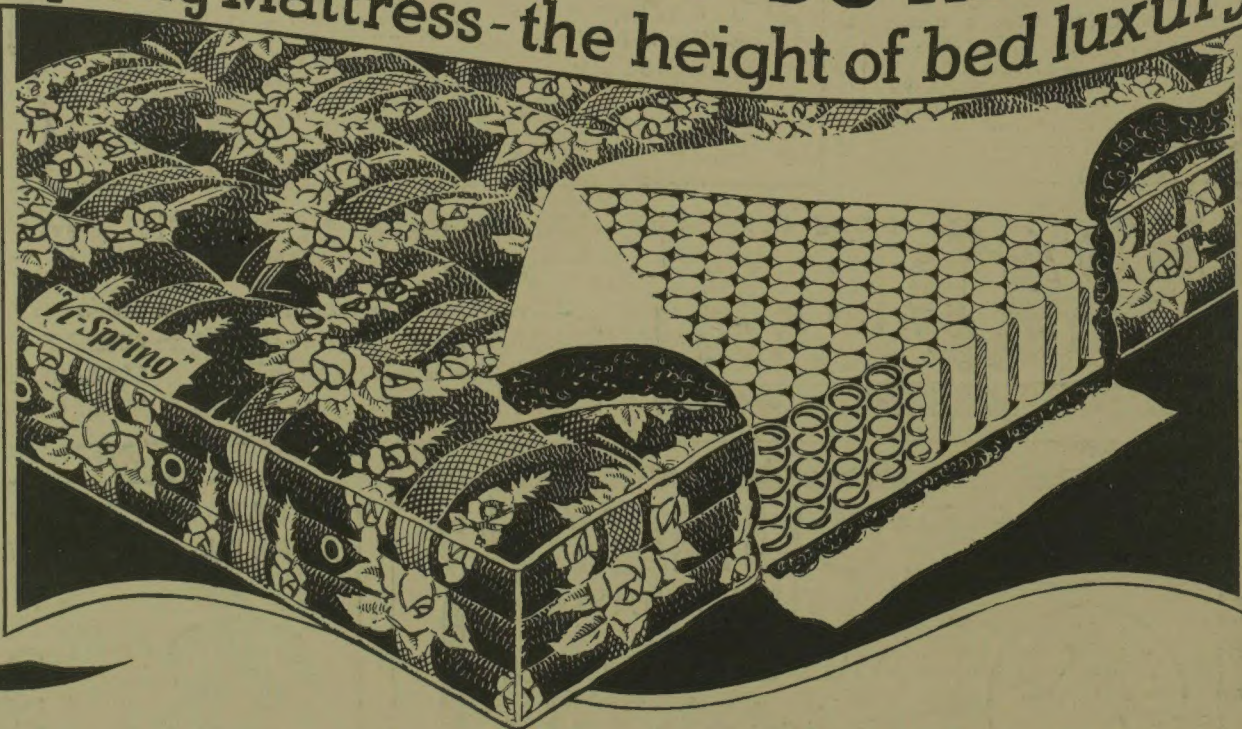
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1935.



THE FIRST OKAPI SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY MEETS THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: CONGO, THE "LIVING FOSSIL," TAKING A SNACK UNCONCERNEDLY IN HIS SPECIAL ENCLOSURE IN THE LONDON "ZOO."

As is recorded on "Our Notebook" page, the okapi presented by the King of the Belgians to the Prince of Wales, and by him given to the London "Zoo," reached Regent's Park on July 31. He was at once taken to his special enclosure, where, a little shy, he retired to his shed. It was then understood that he might not be on view to the public for some time; but on August 1 he made a first appearance and was photographed without seeming any the worse for his experience. He is the first living okapi to reach this country, and, as we noted in our issue of July 27, when we gave three photographs of him, he ranks as a "living fossil," being, as

"The Times" pointed out, scarcely distinguishable from an extinct animal called samotherium (or paleotragus), which existed in Greece in the Lower Pliocene period, some ten or fifteen million years ago. He came from the Congo—hence the name given him—and was caught in a pit in the Great Equatorial Forest early in the October of last year. Before 1900 the okapi was regarded almost as a myth; and, in fact, it was not possible to publish a photograph of this rarest of wild game until 1907, in which year we gave a picture made from dead specimens, and also the first photograph of a living okapi.—[SEE ALSO PAGES 228 AND 229.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

OVER and above the horrible rubbish-heap of the books I have written, now filling the pulping-machines or waste-paper baskets of the world, there are a vast number of books that I have never written, because a providential diversion interposed to protect the crowd of my fellow-creatures who could endure no more. Among these, I remember, there was one particularly outrageous narrative, something between a pantomime and a parable, or allegory of prodigious length, which concerned a variation on what the new psychologists would call a wish-fulfilment. Like most of the notions of the new psychologists, it is a notion familiar to the most far-off and antiquated fabulists. It is found in every book of folklore under the title of "The Three Wishes"; especially that excellent essay on the Vanity of Human Wishes; in which a man had to waste the brief omnipotence of a god in establishing right relations with a black pudding. But in my story, the picturesque aspect, or the aspect pathetically intended to be picturesque, was more like the modern psychological fancies about wish-fulfilment, in that it concerned itself with surprising or perplexing images; a little more cheerful (I hope) than those which figure as symbols in the dreams or nightmares of Freud. So far as I remember it, it was an exceedingly mad sort of story; but that would not have saved it from the serious libraries of modern mental science.

It was something about some people who had reached a sensitised and transparent state of imagination that when they mentioned anything, it materialised before their eyes; and this applied even to metaphors or figures of speech which they had not consciously conceived as material. Thus, if two lovers were talking and taking tea in a rose-covered cottage in a quiet English village, and one of them happened to say, "Of course, it may be rather a white elephant," a huge and hulking white elephant immediately strode up the street, trampled down the roses, and put his head in at the rose-wreathed window. Or if the genial old squire, walking under the quiet elms of his ancestral park, crumpled up a newspaper containing a political scandal, and said impatiently, "The man's got hold of a mare's-nest," he would instantly behold, high above him in the tossing top of the elm-tree, the familiar form of Black Bess out of the stables, kicking and plunging in a well-meant effort to lay eggs. The most harmless comic man would be unable to say "Strike me pink," without an instant change in his complexion; or even to say, "Till all is blue," without transforming the whole landscape to a monochrome tint, with blue cows or blue babies disporting themselves under a blue moon.

The effect of this, I conceive, would be to introduce a certain austerity and restraint into human speech. A plain and unadorned style would prevail in literary circles. Fastidious writers would be even more in terror of introducing a mixed metaphor;

for a mixed metaphor walking down the street would be even more terrifying than such hybrids as a centaur or a griffin. But he would observe considerable economy even in making metaphors, let alone mixing them; just as he might observe economy in the question of purchasing even a dog or a cat. It is a very old moral that when we get what we want we sometimes find that we do not want it; but it would be an alarming addition to the prospect if we always got anything, not only when we wanted it, but whenever we mentioned it. And the vague idea at the back of my undeveloped vision was to describe a sort of dizzy whirlwind of wish-fulfilments and dreams come true; and to suggest how intolerable such imaginative omnipotence would really be. It would be like walking upon ever-sinking and shifting shingle;

does really play a special part in the sort of mad metaphysics that I have in mind; because those who suffer this particular sort of modern softening of the brain have a great tendency to preserve the metaphor long after they have lost the meaning. The figures of speech are like fossil figures of archaic fowls or fishes, made of some stonier deposit and set in the heart of more sandy or crumbling cliffs. The abstract parts of the mind, which should be the strongest, become the weakest; and the mere figures of the fancy, which should be the lightest, become the most heavy and the most hard.

Many must have noticed this, in a newspaper report, and still more in a newspaper criticism. Images that are used as illustrations are repeated

without any reference to anything that they illustrate. If the incident of the Rich Young Man in the Gospels had been reported by a local newspaper, we should only be told that the Teacher had called him a camel, and invited him to jump through a needle. If the Death of Socrates were condensed into a journalistic paragraph, there would be no room for the remarks on immortality, and not much even for the cup of hemlock; but only a special mention, and perhaps a special caption, of a request to somebody to buy a cock. This often makes the art of illustrative argument a somewhat delicate and even dangerous occupation. When we know that people will remember the metaphor, even when they cannot realise the meaning, it is a little perilous to choose metaphors with mere levity, even if they are quite consistent

with mere logic. Suppose I say in some political case that England had better go the whole hog, as did, indeed, some of those followers of Tariff Reform who were called Whole-Hoggers, I shall have to be very careful to explain, somehow, that I am not really identifying the English with hogs, but that it is only some bright facets of the hog that I compare with my beloved country, and that the quality in question is only a special and spiritual sort of hoggishness. Otherwise the audience, remembering everything I said about the pig, and forgetting everything I said about the point, will go away under the impression that I addressed them all as swine. They will attribute to me certain familiar and even old-fashioned depreciations of the English; as that England is stupid, or England is stubborn; in short, that England is, in the apt and appropriate phrase, pig-headed. There will go along with this other notions, equally true and trustworthy; as that England has four trotters and a snout, not to mention a little curly tail behind. But, in fact, I may, in a pure spirit of lyric praise, compare my country to a pig, so long as I am thinking of the noble and exalted aspects of a pig; as that he gives us the glorious gift of bacon, or that he is said to be highly delicate and chivalrous in his relations to his lady-love; or that, being rejected by Turks and Jews, he has almost become a sacred emblem of Christendom.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE OKAPI AT THE LONDON "ZOO": CONGO BEING DRAWN TO HIS SHED IN REGENT'S PARK IN AN INSCRIBED BOX AND HIDDEN BY SACKING.

Congo, the first living okapi to reach this country, was received at the "Zoo" on July 31. It will be noted that the box containing him bore the following inscription: "First Living Okapi to Reach This Country. A gift from H.M. the King of the Belgians to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and by him presented to the London 'Zoo.'" Three photographs of Congo before his arrival here were given in our issue of July 27.

on ground in which we could get no purchase for our movements or activities. A world in which the whole solidity of things had gone soft would be the essential environment of softening of the brain. We should end by shrieking aloud for the resistance of reality; ready to give up all our paradise of magic powers for the pleasure of planting our foot on a sharp nail or barking our shins upon a box. Something very like that nightmare of luxury and liberty may be felt in much of the more irresponsible or lawless literature of our own time, in which a man is driven to deny everything because he has been denied nothing; and discovers in an omnipotence to which he has no claim an impotence for which he has no cure.

It may seem rather far-fetched to connect the nonsense about the physical metaphors with the notions about the philosophical despair. But there was a sort of notion about the natural symbols. And even (I will dare to say) a rather more natural connection between the symbol and the thing symbolised than there is in some of those wonderful modern analyses of the meaning of dreams; in which digging up a cabbage and putting it in a hatbox is the spontaneous spiritual expression of a desire to murder your father; or watching a green cat climb a yellow lamp-post the clearest possible way of conveying that you want to bolt with the barmaid. And metaphor



CONGO, THE OKAPI, FEEDING IN HIS ENCLOSURE AT THE "ZOO"; STRADDLING HIS FORE-LEGS WHILE EATING FROM THE GROUND, AS DOES THE GIRAFFE, TO WHOM HE IS DISTANTLY RELATED.

CONGO, THE OKAPI, ANALYSED: DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THE "ZOO'S" RARE "LIVING FOSSIL"



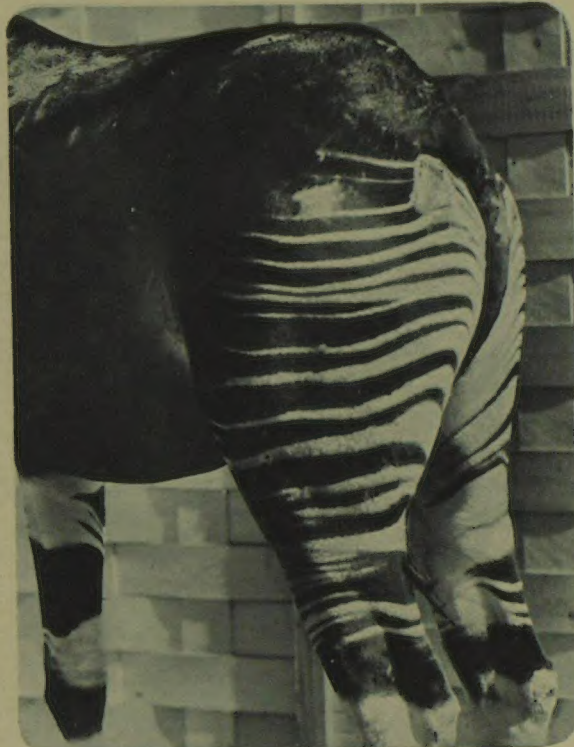
THE OKAPI EATING—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HIS BLUE-GREY TONGUE, WHOSE TIP EXTENDS ROUGHLY TEN INCHES FROM THE LIPS; AND HIS 3-INCH HORNS, WHICH ARE AKIN TO THE GIRAFFE'S.



THIGH-MARKINGS OF THE OKAPI, WHOSE STRIPING AS A WHOLE SERVES TO BREAK THE OUTLINE OF THE BEAST IN THE FOREST GLOOMS, LIT WITH OCCASIONAL PATCHES OF LIGHT.



THE HIND-LEGS; SHOWING THE CLOVEN HOOF, WHICH, AS SOON AS THEY WERE HEARD OF, DISPROVED THE IDEA THAT THE THEN UNSEEN BEAST WAS A NEW SPECIES OF HORSE.



THE BUTTOCKS OF THE OKAPI, WITH BLACK-AND-WHITE CROSS-STRIPING; SHOWING THE LONG, WHIPPY, SOMEWHAT GIRAFFE-LIKE TAIL, WHICH HAS TUFTS OF HAIR NEAR THE TIP.



THE FORE-LEGS—ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW THE CLOVEN HOOF, WHICH DECIDED THAT THE NEW, UNSEEN ANIMAL COULD NOT BE CLASSED AS A STRANGE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE HORSE GENUS.

Before it was seen by Europeans, the okapi was thought to be a new representative of the horse genus and was named *Equus johnstoni*. Soon, however, Sir Harry Johnston, who had been interesting himself keenly since reading of the Congo pygmies' "forest donkey" in Stanley's "Darkest Africa," learned that the animal had cloven hoofs: the new horse ceased to exist! Then Sir Harry received a skin and two skulls, and it became certain that the discovery was related to the giraffes. In a recent most informative article, "The Times,"



THE HEAD; SHOWING THE BIG EARS WHICH CAUSED THE CONGO PYGMIES TO CALL IT A "FOREST DONKEY" AND THE HORNS, WHICH APPEAR ONLY IN THE MALE AND ARE AKIN TO THOSE OF THE GIRAFFE.

writing of the okapi as a "living fossil" scarcely distinguishable from the extinct samotherium of the Lower Pliocene epoch in Greece, pointed out that it is the only survivor of the giraffe stock in its short-necked period. Congo is an adult male. He is over five feet high at the shoulders—over six feet when erect, with head up. He weighs between seven and eight hundredweight. One of his horns is slightly broken. His food here consists of elm leaves, Indian corn cobs, bananas, carrots and their tops, lettuces, cabbages, and some locust beans.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE PROBLEM OF "INSTINCTIVE BEHAVIOUR", AND THE LARGE BLUE CATERPILLAR.

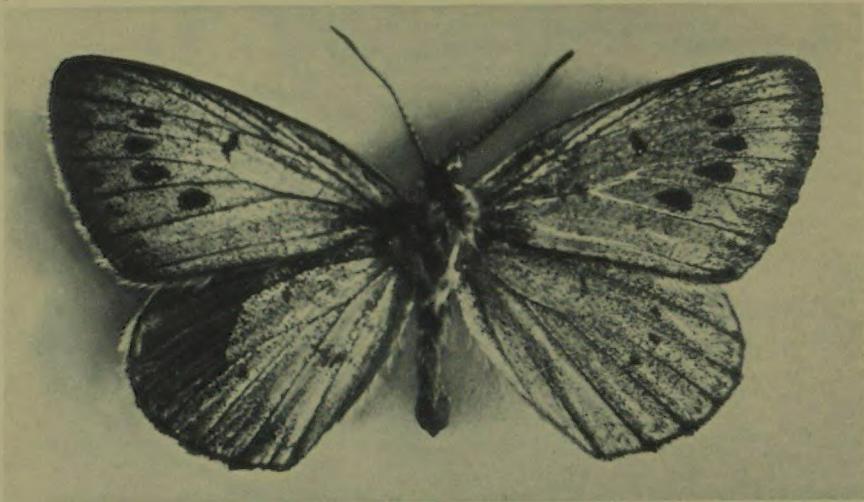
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE problem of the "instinctive behaviour" of animals has vexed me much of late, for it presents a bewildering number of subtle shades of difference. But I am becoming more and more convinced that, like a good many other theories, it will have to be abandoned. Psychologists have had much to say on this theme, but agreement among them, as to what this term really means, seems as far off as ever. That eminent psychologist, Professor Lloyd Morgan, tells us that "instinctive behaviour" is "that which, on its first occurrence, is independent of prior experience, which tends to the well-being of the individual and the preservation of the race;

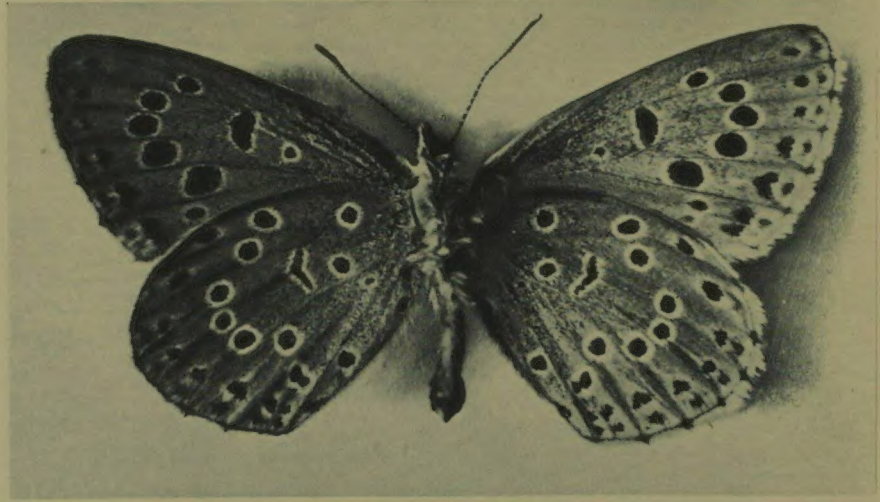
of the bark of oak and pine trees. On hatching, the young eats its way out of the crown of the egg and immediately proceeds to hibernate in some crevice near the shell. This is in the month of August. It does not awake to activity till the following March or April, and at once makes its way down the tree to seek out dog-violets, on which alone it feeds. Is this retreat into the hibernaculum in high summer, the descent of the tree—instead of mounting higher—and the search for dog-violets "merely instinctive behaviour"?

Stranger still is the case of the caterpillar of the large blue butterfly (*Nomiades arion*). As with many of its near relations, it furnishes us with a shocking

And now let me turn to another aspect of caterpillar life—citing merely one of many of like nature. I select the case of the larvæ of the marsh-fritillary (*Melitoea aurinea*), wherein we find a singular instance of concerted action starting from the moment of hatching. In this species, be it noted, the eggs are laid in large batches clustered together to the number of 400 or 500. The young, on emerging from the egg, immediately start spinning a web over the food-plant and live in one great company under its protection. Under its cover they feed. And when they have exhausted the supply of food they move off in a body to a fresh twig. And they walk daintily, spinning



1. THE LARGE BLUE BUTTERFLY, WHOSE CATERPILLAR (SEEN IN FIG. 3) MUST BE CAPTURED BY ANTS IF IT IS TO SURVIVE: A SPECIES WHICH WAS FORMERLY COMMON IN SOUTH DEVON, THE COTSWOLDS, AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE, BUT NOW SEEMS TO ABOUND ONLY IN NORTH CORNWALL.



2. THE UNDERSIDE OF THE LARGE BLUE BUTTERFLY: PALE GREYISH-BUFF COLORATION, WITH BLACK SPOTS, CONTRASTING IN A MARKED WAY WITH THE BRIGHT SILVERY BLUE, WITH BLACK MARKINGS, OF THE UPPER SURFACE (SEEN IN FIG. 1)—THOUGH THE MARKINGS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WING VARY.

which is similarly performed by all the members of the same more or less restricted group of animals, and which may be subject to subsequent modifications under the guidance of experience." But here, as with the rest, in striving to make his definition "all-embracing," he has achieved nothing.

There are hundreds of cases of "instinctive behaviour" which afford no possible chance of "modification under the guidance of experience." Take the case of the larvæ of butterflies and moths. When full-fed the larva of the swallow-tailed butterfly spins a little mat of silk on a twig, grasps it with the hindmost pair of legs or "claspers," and then attaches one end of a thread of silk to the twig, carries it across the body above the middle, and attaches it to the other side. Presently the caterpillar skin is cast off, revealing the hard, angular case of the chrysalis. But for this safety girdle, it would at once fall over, so that it would be left helpless, hanging head downwards, and this would mean death. It is to be noted, however, that there are many species of butterflies which spin no girdle, the chrysalis here, as a consequence, hanging head downwards. The preparation for the pupal stage in the moths is more complicated, often surprisingly so. Here as many as three silken shrouds may be spun, one over the other, as with the silkworm moth. A loose, "fluffy" case is spun first; next comes the spinning of a thread some fifteen hundred feet long of the precious silk of commerce; and finally, a thin, paper-like case. The cocoon of our emperor moth is even more elaborate. But in all these cases the operation is performed but once. No "margin of safety" is allowed. The performance can have no rehearsals, and there is no possibility of "subsequent modifications under the guidance of experience."

Now let me return to the strange behaviour of the caterpillars of certain butterflies. The silver-washed fritillary lays its eggs high up in the crevices

instance of infant depravity. For the young proceed to eat each other whenever opportunity offers—up till the time of the third moult. This crisis surmounted, it does not, so to speak, resolve to turn over a new leaf and live virtuously. Not a bit of it: it proceeds to ensure that it shall be kidnapped by ants by placing itself in the track of these creatures, offering, as a lure, sweet "honeydew" which it exudes from a gland opening on to the tenth segment of the body. Presently an ant comes across this infant hooligan, partakes of the refreshment offered, and forthwith carries it into the flowers of the wild thyme and the sunlight into the gloomy recesses of the nest, after

a carpet of silk before them as they move! After the third moult they venture out of the last-spun web to bask in the sun, but return later to the web. They have, however, apparently ceased feeding. Finally, the old web is forsaken, and a dense compact tent formed amid the leaves of the food-plant, and here they remain in hibernation, emerging in the spring to scatter and live separately.

What prompts these spontaneous and concerted movements? There can be no possibility, here, of parental guidance, and no profit from experience. Failure to fulfil this orderly sequence would mean death. I may be told that this and the other

instances I have cited is to be regarded as "instinctive behaviour." But such an explanation leaves one at a "loose end," for it explains nothing. To attribute such behaviour to "physiological impulses" may not seem, at first sight, to bring enlightenment. But a ray of hope breaks in on us if, for a moment, we recall instances which have been cited as cases of "instinctive behaviour" in, say, birds, and especially during the reproductive period. Their behaviour at this critical time is not "instinctive," but "emotional." And this contention is supported by the fact that these emotions wax and wane according to the weather—at any rate, in their earlier stages. An early spring sets them "all of a flutter" mating or nest-building with feverish intensity. But with a sudden cold spell these activities are suddenly ended.

We are on firm ground here, because we know that their "behaviour" in this regard is governed by substances known as "hormones," formed by the awakening activities of the reproductive glands. These, however, are not the only "hormones" formed by living bodies. Hence, let us set aside "instinctive behaviour" as a "dead end" and set about an endeavour to discover whether these other "hormones" I have postulated have any existence in fact.



3. A CATERPILLAR OF THE LARGE BLUE BUTTERFLY WHICH IS BEING CARRIED AWAY BY AN ANT: A CAPTIVE WHICH SUPPLIES "HONEYDEW" TO ITS CAPTORS, BUT BATTENS ON THE YOUNG ANTS!

The caterpillar of the large blue butterfly has an eventful career. The young eat each other until the third moult. The survivors then proceed to ensure that they are captured by ants, offering as a lure sweet "honeydew" which they exude from special glands. Carried into ants' nests, the young caterpillars feed on the young of their hosts!

From a Drawing after Frohawk.

the fashion shown in the above illustration. Here it lives at ease, feeding on the offspring of its hosts! There is no reason, however, to suppose that this strange behaviour on the part of the caterpillar is premeditated and deliberate. But this makes such behaviour the more mysterious. For years no one knew what happened to it after the third moult. The mystery was solved by Mr. Frohawk, our greatest authority on British butterflies.

THE NEW LIGHT MACHINE-GUN THAT IS TO REPLACE THE LEWIS: THE BREN.

DRAWN BY OFFICIAL PERMISSION, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



TO BE USED IN THE BRITISH ARMY: THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN BREN; FIRED FROM A BIPOD, THE SHOULDER, OR A TRIPOD.

The new light machine-gun to be used in the British Army in place of the Lewis gun is a product of the Czechoslovak Arms Manufacturing Company, of Brno, Czechoslovakia. All the guns for the Army will, however, be made in England, at the Royal Small Arms factory at Enfield. The gun, which is an adaptation to take British service ammunition, is ten pounds lighter and five inches shorter than the Army pattern Lewis gun. To fire the gun when it has been cocked the trigger (25) is pulled; the sear (27) releases the slide (18), which is forced forward by the push-rod (32) set in motion by the recoil spring (33). As the bolt (24) moves forward, it strips the cartridge from the magazine (16) into the firing position (15). Towards the end of its forward movement (18) the slide rises on bevelled lugs and comes to a gradual stop and is locked. The bolt, however, continues its forward movement and its hammer strikes the firing-pin

and fires the cartridge. As the bullet passes the gas block (3), the expanding powder gases pass through the gas regulator (4) and the gas vent (5) into the gas cylinder (9) and drive back the piston (12). This unlocks the bolt and the slide opens the breech, extracts the spent cartridge, which is drawn back, strikes the ejector (23) and is thrown out through a hole in the base of the gun at 19. The gas, still driving back the piston and slide, compresses the recoil spring (33). When all this has been accomplished, the recoil spring again commences to force the bolt, slide, and piston forward, automatically places the next cartridge in position, and fires it. Then the whole cycle of operations is repeated until all the cartridges in the magazine have been fired. Then the empty magazine is removed and replaced by a charged one. Should the barrel get too hot, it can be replaced by a cool barrel by operating the barrel-locking nut (14).



HOW WATER SHORTAGE WAS COMBATED IN 1868 BY THE BRITISH EXPEDITION IN ABYSSINIA: EXPERIMENTS WITH NORTON'S PATENT TUBE-WELLS, AN AMERICAN INVENTION FOR EXTRACTING WATER FROM THE GROUND.



A SKETCH ON THE SHORE AT ZULA, ANNESLEY BAY, DURING THE DISSEMBARKATION OF SIR ROBERT NAPIER'S EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: A SCENE OF VARIED ACTIVITY, INCLUDING (RIGHT) THE HOUSE CONTAINING THE CONDENSING PLANT WHICH SUPPLIED DRINKING WATER FOR MAN AND BEAST.



A FIELD BATTERY ON ELEPHANT-BACK CROSSING THE TAKASSE VALLEY: A DEEP RAVINE SUCH AS MAKES WARFARE IN ABYSSINIA IMPOSSIBLE DURING THE SUMMER RAINS, BEING THEN QUITE IMPASSABLE.

These illustrations, taken from engravings in "The Illustrated London News" of 1868, are of special interest as showing how the British expedition of 30,000 men under General Sir Robert Napier invaded Abyssinia and rescued European prisoners from King Theodore. The drawings were made by actual eye-witnesses, most of them being by a staff officer of the expedition, and owe nothing to the imagination. In so far as they represent the type of country encountered between Zula and Magdala, the base and the goal of

WHEN GREAT BRITAIN DIFFICULTIES OF WATER SUPPLY AND OF



THE WATER TANKS AT ZULA, WHENCE, IN THE EVENT OF WAR, ITALY MIGHT ADVANCE ON ADDOWA: SIR ROBERT NAPIER'S BASE ON THE RED SEA; WITH MEN AND ANIMALS DRINKING AT THE TROUGHS.



A WATERING-PLACE FOR TRANSPORT ANIMALS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE KUMAYLI PASS, WHERE SIR ROBERT NAPIER'S EXPEDITION DUG WELLS AND PUMPED UP WATER BY SUCTION AND CHAIN PUMPS.

the expedition, they have immediate bearing to-day on the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. Indeed, Colonel S. L. Cra'ster, in one of his recent articles in "The Times" describing the military situation in the event of an Italian invasion, wrote: "It is nearly certain that one of the main Italian attacks would be delivered against Addow; and from the conformation of the ground one flank column could operate from Zula (some thirty miles south of Massawa) along the coast. This was Sir Robert Napier's base in 1868; his

FOUGHT IN ABYSSINIA IN 1868: TERRAIN IN THE EXPEDITION AGAINST KING THEODORE.



MAGDALA FROM THE DALANTA PLAIN, AND THE WILD, PRECIPITOUS COUNTRY AROUND IT: THE GORGE-RIVEN UPLAND WHICH WAS SIR ROBERT NAPIER'S GOAL; THE FORTRESS WHICH WAS TAKEN BY ASSAULT, AND THE SCENE OF KING THEODORE'S SUICIDE AFTER DEFEAT.

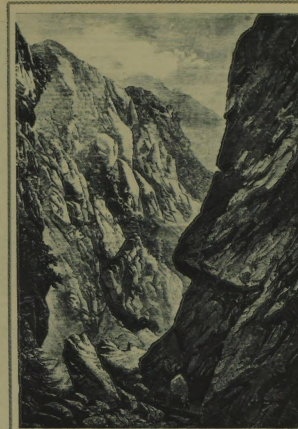


THE SENAFÉ PLATEAU, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST TOWARDS THE ADDOWA PEAKS: THE DIFFICULT COUNTRY IN WHICH ITALY SUFFERED HER WELL-REMEMBERED DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF THE ABYSSINIANS IN 1896.



THE BATTLE OF AROGEE, WHICH PRACTICALLY ENDED KING THEODORE'S RESISTANCE: AN ENCOUNTER IN WHICH THERE WERE NO BRITISH KILLED, OCCURRING ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1868, THREE DAYS BEFORE THE STORMING OF MAGDALA.

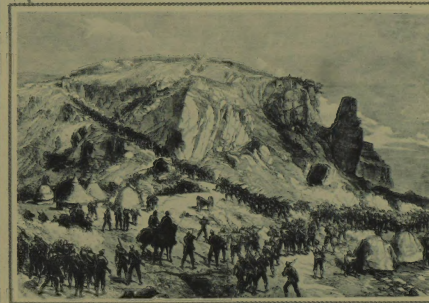
road trace, to Senafé at least, may exist and be improved and used again as far as that place." Colonel Cra'ster wrote also: "Sir Robert Napier's campaign to Magdala affords some interesting comparisons. His objective was 325 miles distant from his base. The heights of his camps varied between 4300 ft. and 10,800 ft. above sea, and the campaign lasted less than a year. He avoided fighting through the rainy season, his troops were at all times in a temperate climate, and sickness was thus greatly reduced. Then, as



THE MIDDLE SURU DEFILÉ IN THE SENAFÉ PASS: A NARROW GORGE, ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO FORCE, BETWEEN HIGH AND PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS.



THE APPROACH TO THE ABYSSINIAN TABLE-LAND, FROM RAVY GUDDY, ITSELF 6100 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL: A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKY BASTIONS OF THE CENTRAL PLATEAU AND THE BEGINNING OF CONIFEROUS FOREST.



THE STORMING OF THE HEIGHTS OF MAGDALA, PRACTICALLY WITHOUT LOSS, ON APRIL 13, 1868, AFTER WHICH KING THEODORE'S DEAD BODY WAS FOUND IN HIS TENT: THE GOAL OF THE EXPEDITION, WHICH FORTHWITH RETURNED.

Theodore was execrated by the populace for his cruelty and rapacity, Sir Robert received help from the inhabitants on his way south. To this day Sir Robert's memory is cherished by Ethiopians; he is never thought of as an invader." It is in this respect that the 1868 expedition differs most from any Italian venture that may be made, for without the friendliness of the northern tribes Napier's expedition would have been impossible. But the nature of the country and the difficulties of transport and supply remain.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SOME of our moralists and educators are much exercised in their minds about the right use of leisure—by other people. For my part, having no excess of that commodity, I do not as a rule find the problem burdensome, but it happens just now that, albeit impelled to improve the shining hour by the production of "these presents," I am otherwise from official trammels free. It behoves me, therefore, to assume a holiday mood, and I have selected for treatment books on various forms of recreation and places appropriate to their pursuit.

Looking at things from this point of view, and cherishing a predilection for the West Country, I am naturally attracted first towards "DEVON HOLIDAY." By Henry Williamson (Cape; 7s. 6d.). With such a title one would usually expect illustrations of beauty spots in glorious Devon, and the absence of such accessories suggests at once that the interest lies, not in topography, but in more impalpable matters, such as personality and conversation. This assumption proves correct. It is a difficult book to define or summarise. Although there is a slender framework of "a walking and reading party" (vulgarily, a hike), I should be sorry to have to trace the itinerary pursued. A jovial party, including another writer and an American Assistant-Professor of Comparative Literature, does indeed arrive to lure the author from his work for such an expedition, and off they go. From the outset, however, the book takes on a rambling and discursive character, and develops into an amazing medley of talk, banter, allusion, anecdote, reminiscence, and, as might be expected from the author of "Tarka the Otter," a large element of nature lore. It is all great fun, for, as Mr. Williamson points out, it was written mostly "in a spirit of slap-stick and knock-about."

There is one episode, however, over which, since the book was written, fate has cast the shadow of tragedy—the episode relating to Lawrence of Arabia, who figures here under the name of G. B. Everest. In a postscript Mr. Williamson gives a telegram of invitation which Lawrence sent him on the very morning of his fatal accident, and was probably the last thing he wrote. The passage about Lawrence in the body of the book describes his arrival on board the *Berengaria* at Southampton to say good-bye to Mr. Williamson, then starting on a voyage. Written as it was before the fatality at Moreton, this intimate glimpse of Lawrence has a deep and poignant interest, lately enhanced by the announcement of plans for the Lawrence memorial. In the most interesting passage of his reminiscence Mr. Williamson writes: "I perceived that this man affirmed sensitive people to themselves; he absorbed one's shell or covering, and supplied the inner light with oxygen, so that from a flickering glimmer it becomes for oneself a bright light. I am using the New Testament imagery, of course: in the belief that Jesus tried to show his age how their prejudices prevented them from seeing the possibilities of a decently organised world, and they thought Him a dangerous nuisance, even a criminal, and so got rid of him. . . . Like Jesus, Everest has completely realised himself; he had learned the enormous value of being his true or simple self. . . . Talking with Everest by the gang-plank, I noticed he was a different man. He was no longer shy; he did not have to unscrew his eyes, as it were, in order to give one a quick, sideway glance. Now he looked one in the eyes." This passage suggests that Lawrence, after a period of spiritual tribulation, had become "the captain of his soul."

Hiking in Devon, especially in company able to talk familiarly of "good companions" like "rich but honest Jack Priestley" (whom Mr. Williamson recalls having met in New York), appeals to me much more strongly, at my time of life, than scaling precipices. They make me giddy, and I am content to admire mountain peaks from below. Nevertheless, I can feel the fascination—attended, as I read, by shudders down the spine—of such adventures as those described and pictured in "CLIMBING DAYS." By Dorothy Pilley (Mrs. I. A. Richards). With sixty-four plates (Bell; 16s.). Mountaineering is one of the more arduous and dangerous sports in which women almost equal the exploits of men, as recalled, for example, by the recent obituaries of Miss Annie Peck. The author of the

present volume began her climbing career in North Wales, and has continued it in the Lake District, Scotland, Corsica, the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rockies, and the Himalaya. Her book is a fine record of courage and endurance, told in lively fashion, analysing the mentality of the mountaineer as well as narrating vividly her own experience.

Preferring the horizontal to the vertical as a basis for recreation, I should find much more to my taste, had I the time and wherewithal to pursue it, that royal and ancient game which has inspired a new and admirable book of instruction—"SO THAT'S WHAT I DO!" By Enid Wilson and Robert Allen Lewis. Profusely illustrated (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). The golfer's education is here conducted on an entirely new method—that of revealing by the camera, with explanatory notes, every conceivable mistake which can be committed. Though I have played golf very little, I know enough about it to perceive that this book provides both the novice and the ambitious golfer with an ideal means of improving their game. Nor does this statement rest on my inexperienced opinion. In a foreword to the book, Miss Joyce Wethered says, in reference to the photographs: "Enid Wilson has unselfishly sacrificed her own fine style in demonstrating how not to do it. Confirmed slicers and hookers will have

Sir John Squire, in a preface "they must have vanished for ever. . . . Tenacious though our peasantry has been, it would have lost its grip on its traditional music and poetry in the end—transport, the decay of agriculture and rural community life, education, modern amusements, mechanical music, and other factors, have destroyed the conditions which generated and preserved folk-song, and the history of its tardy rescue and perpetuation in print is an exciting story of exploration. What could be more romantic and thrilling than Cecil Sharp's visit to the Appalachian Mountains in America, and his discovery there of some millions of isolated mountaineers speaking the English of the seventeenth century, and still singing many hundreds of ancient English songs taken over by them nearly three centuries ago!"

Our own English countryside, where these old songs and dances have been handed down from generation to generation through the centuries, is of interest from several different points of view. It appeals in the first place to the tourist or holiday-maker merely intent on enjoying the beauties of nature and places of historic memories. The motor-car has opened up the whole of our island domain as a pleasure-ground, while there is a growing number of people who prefer to traverse parts of it at a more leisurely pace on foot, discovering oases of tranquility far from the madding crowd. For readers animated by such motives a beguiling book is "ENGLAND'S PLEASANCE." By S. P. B. Mais.

With numerous illustrations (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Mais is a prince of hikers, and here he has added to his many previous adventures. Those here recorded range from the North Country to the South Coast and from the Cotswolds to East Anglia. Another charming book of a more localised character, devoted, in fact, to one particular county, is "COMPANION INTO OXFORDSHIRE." By Ethel Carleton Williams, author of "Denmark and the Danes." Illustrated (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). Here, among many other survivals of bygone days, we meet the Morris dancers of Bampton.

Some travellers, besides appreciating the external scene, are interested also in studying the daily work and customs of the people, and the changes brought about in rural life by modern conditions. This aspect of the matter is well represented in such a book as "THE COUNTRYMAN'S ENGLAND." By Dorothy Hartley. With Foreword by A. G. Street, a Coloured Frontispiece after John Nash, and 128 Photographs (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). Miss Hartley is well up in mediæval history and folk lore, and is also very much at home among country folk of to-day. Another

revealing book of a somewhat similar type, but including chapters on sea-ports and industrial centres as well as villages, is "THE HEART OF ENGLAND." By Ivor Brown. With a Foreword by J. B. Priestley, Coloured Frontispiece and 130 Photographs (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). While inclined to discount the author's optimism regarding "our political good humour and tolerance," Mr. Priestley defines the book as "a lively panorama of contemporary England."

A more specialised study of modern rural life, dealing with the current revolution in agriculture, is "ENGLISH EARTH." By Marjorie Hessel Tiltman. With thirty-four illustrations in Half-tone (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). This is a book that deserves close study by politicians, farmers, and industrialists. The author has made a serious investigation of modern British agriculture in all its branches. Of particular interest are the chapters dealing with fruit and vegetable canning, flower-growing, the ancient problem of tithes, science in farming, and present-day relations between farmer and sportsman.

Finally, to those fortunate enough to find their holiday recreation in travel north of the Tweed, I commend a new work by a well-known Scottish writer—"SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND": The Western Highlands in Pen and Picture. By Alasdair Alpin MacGregor. With forty-four illustrations from Photographs by the Author (Routledge; 8s. 6d.). Judging by the parts of the book concerning places known to me, I can assure the reader that it will greatly increase the pleasure of a tour in this romantic and beautiful country.

C. E. B.



THE PROGRESS OF THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, WHO ARE WARDS OF THE KING, THANKS TO A LAW PASSED BY THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE: A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIVE CHILDREN AT THE MICROPHONE.

According to recent reports from Dr. Dafoe, the Dionne quintuplets are making steady progress and gaining weight in spite of the hot weather, one of them, Yvonne, having passed the 20-lb. mark. They are proving a great attraction to sightseers, including a large number of people from the United States, and are on view every day in the porch of the hospital at Callander, Ontario, from 8 to 11 and from 1 to 3, visitors looking at them from over the fence 6 ft. away. It will be recalled that, by a law passed by the Ontario Legislature in March, the babies became the wards of the King. The Bill contains a clause preventing law-suits which are likely to interfere with the guardianship.

no excuses now for failing to detect their particular sins." Again, in a companion foreword, Mr. Henry Cotton declares: "Every class of golfer will find many things of interest in this wonderfully illustrated and instructive book, which covers the whole game from the tee to the green."

One form of recreation which appears to be fast growing in popularity, as witness a recent international gathering in Hyde Park, combines physical exercise with an element of art and history. Two of the organisers of the Folk Dance Festival, held in London a few weeks ago, have collaborated in a timely little book called "THE TRADITIONAL DANCE." By Violet Alford (author of "English Folk Dances") and Rodney Gallop (author of "A Book of the Basques"). With fourteen illustrations (Methuen; 6s.). Readers whose acquaintance with the subject has so far been limited to watching the London performances, will be astonished at the wealth of historical associations, often reaching far back into the past, that lies behind them. If such festivals conduce to the amity of nations, that in itself is enough to justify the revival of these old dances.

A kindred work, though concerned more with singing than dancing, is a new addition to the English Heritage Series—namely, "ENGLISH FOLK-SONG AND DANCE." By Iolo A. Williams. Sometime Hon. Sec. of the Folk-Song Society (Longmans, Green; 3s. 6d.). Here we have an interesting account of selected examples from the many hundreds of old songs, quite unknown to the nation forty or fifty years ago, and rapidly being forgotten among the peasantry, but saved from oblivion by collectors and scholars. "Had collecting been deferred for another century," writes

THE TIDWORTH TATTOO: MARTIAL PAGEANTRY AND "QUEBEC—1759."



THE GREAT SET-PIECE OF THE SOUTHERN COMMAND'S TATTOO AT TIDWORTH: AN INCIDENT FROM "QUEBEC, 13TH SEPTEMBER, 1759."



BRITISH UNIFORMS OF 1759 IN "QUEBEC."



BRITISH TROOPS STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM AT QUEBEC.



A MARCH IN THE INFANTRY DRILL DISPLAY BY THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS; WITH THE REGIMENT'S PONY MASCOT.



"FRAZER'S HIGHLANDERS" ATTACKING THE FRENCH FLANK AT QUEBEC.



FRENCH TROOPS ADVANCING TO ACTION ON THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.



BRITISH TROOPS IN THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC: AN EPISODE IN WHICH SEVERAL REGIMENTS ACTUALLY PRESENT AT THE BATTLE PLAY PARTS.

The first performance of the Southern Command's Annual Tattoo at Tidworth was on August 3, and it was arranged that the Tattoo should continue until to-day, August 10. The immense amount of organisation required before these wonderful performances can be given without a hitch may be judged from the fact that it is necessary to lay no fewer than 65 miles of telephone lines in and around the Arena! The programme opens with a fanfare by the Second Cavalry Brigade, followed by the Beating of the Tattoo with massed drums, fifes, and bugles of the Southern Command. The subsequent events include an extraordinary

trick motor-cycle riding display by despatch riders of the Royal Signals, music by massed bands, a physical training display, a musical ride, infantry drill by the 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, a firework display, and a musical drive by "L" Battery of the R.H.A. The great set-piece of the Tattoo is Wolfe's victory at Quebec. The English force are seen scaling the Heights of Abraham and defeating the French. It is interesting to note that regiments that took part in the original battle act in it at Tidworth. Obviously, the majority of our photographs were taken at the daylight rehearsal.

UNCOMMON OR GARDEN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE ROMANCE OF GARDENING": By F. KINGDON WARD.*

(PUBLISHED BY CAPE.)

IF there be any who still suppose, in spite of the poet's warning, that gardens can be made "by saying, 'Oh, how beautiful!' and sitting in the shade," they should study this charming and informative book. They will learn how little "sitting in the shade" there is for those few who, like Mr. Kingdon Ward, ransack the earth's surface for new ornaments for the gardens of England—not only the great and opulently-furnished gardens, but those of Suburbia, where many an Englishman takes his pleasure, gets his exercise, pursues his hobby, and forgets his cares.

Few of us realise, until we read a book like this, what a cosmopolitan affair the simplest garden is nowadays. It is an example to us all of really efficient, beneficent internationalism. For centuries past there has been an indefatigable interchange, because, fortunately, flowers are among the few things which, though of universal interest, are, at the same time, free from jealousies, suspicions, and controversies! Mr. Ward tells us that there are between 175 and 200 thousand species of flowering plants known in the world to-day. ("Of these it is estimated that 60,000 species are found in tropical South America alone!"). The total British flora is about 2000 species of flowering plants; but it is estimated that there are at least six times that number of foreign plants flourishing in our parks and gardens. "Every country in the world has sent its quota to swell the rainbow flood. There are Irises from Persia and Turkestan, Azaleas from China, Lilies from Japan and America, Escallonias and Tropaeolums (Nasturtium) from South America, Cinerarias and Gladiolus from Africa, Clarkias from the Pacific Coast, Pentstemons and Phloxes from the northern United States, and a host of other plants, not forgetting Delphiniums (and their annual equivalent, Larkspurs)." From Southern Europe we have most of our flowering bulbs, beloved harbingers of Spring. Mexico has given us most of our Dahlias, and some species of the hardy Cosmos—and it is an excellent example of botanical internationalism that Mexico herself got the Cosmos from Tibet! But our greatest debt is, curiously enough, owed to the Far East. "More plants have come to us from China than from any other country in the world. . . . This region (the south China hills, round the

Peonies, Yulan (*Magnolia conspicua*), and *Cupressus funebris*, all of which had long been grown in Chinese gardens and temple courtyards." In short, the meanest garden that grows is a geographical microcosm. "If we omit the tropical belt, one may say that plants from every other floral region are grown in the open somewhere in Great Britain."

Now, if all these exotics are to be brought to our front doors—delivered at very reasonable rates in as fool-proof

was the finding of "Orange Bill"—"it was that dreamed of, but scarcely hoped for, treasure, a real orange-flowered Rhododendron! And in that moment of triumph I was almost delirious with pride and joy." By dint of infinite patience, effort, and even danger, Orange Bill was captured and tamed, for the delectation of innumerable Smiths and Joneses thousands of miles distant from it.

But the life of the botanist-militant also has its disappointments and its hopes deferred. The casualties are heavy, and not infrequently even specimens which have, with infinite pains, been brought to successful growth somehow never establish themselves with the public, which is as incalculable in this matter as in most others. Reviewing the results of an expedition to Tibet in 1924, during which he collected about 270 different plants, Mr. Ward writes: "Of the 270 seed numbers . . . some 220 were raised. To-day about 170 of these, comprising roughly 150 species, are in cultivation; the remainder, being quite unsuited to the British climate, have perished, some of them not before they had flowered and given much pleasure to those who saw them. Of the 150 species remaining, about a third are new—an unusually high proportion. No less than 20 species have received awards from the Royal Horticultural Society, and others, especially some of the new Rhododendrons, will certainly do so when they are older." But of all these plants, only about thirty species have passed into general circulation, and only two (the Tibetan Blue Poppy and the Giant Cowslip Primula) have achieved what can truly be called wide popularity. Thus the plant-hunter's contribution is very gradual and uncertain: apart from failures and losses, it needs much patience, for years must pass before some of the specimens come to flower in strange soil and climate: but anybody who has entered into the spirit of this vivacious book will feel that the results amply justify all the effort.

Mr. Ward has much to say about the more domestic aspects of gardening, as well as its romance in wild parts



THE BLUE FLOWERS OF *GENTIANA GILVOSTRIATA* GROWING 13,000 FEET UP ON THE BURMA-TIBET FRONTIER: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS PLANTS INTRODUCED INTO ENGLISH GARDENS FROM SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF GARDENING."

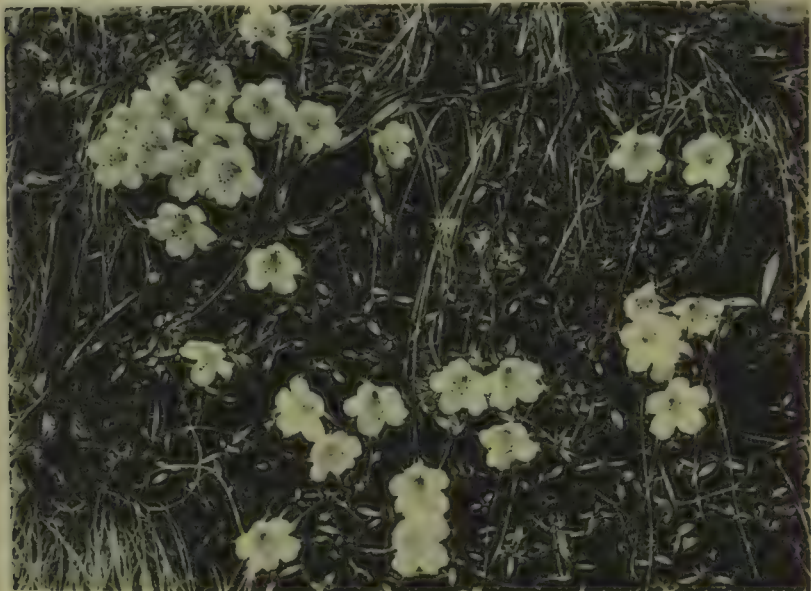
Reproductions from the Photographs by F. Kingdon Ward in his "Romance of Gardening"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape.

a form as possible—it is obvious that somebody has first to find and despatch them. That is Mr. Kingdon Ward's life-work. It combines service to humanity with a life of adventure, for, as Mr. Ward assures us—with ample demonstration—hunting plants is quite as exciting as hunting animals, and it is certainly far more beneficial to mankind. Mr. Ward's happy hunting-grounds have been, for the last twelve years, Tibet, the far interior of China, along the Indian borderlands, through the Alps of Burma and Assam, and across Indo-China. With Lord Cranbrook, he has penetrated to the sources of the Irrawaddy.

He has introduced to English gardens about five hundred different plants, including a large number of new species of rhododendron. Perhaps his most popular and famous contribution has been the Tibetan Blue Poppy, which had, and continues to enjoy, an extraordinary success with the public. "I found it growing on the wooded mountains which hem in the Tsangpo valley in Tibet, some 200 miles east of sacred Lhasa, in 1924." It at once captured the popular imagination, and continues to be shown in hundreds of gardens as the champion exhibit.

The life of the plant-hunter has its rich and thrilling rewards. Here, for example, was some compensation for hardships which Mr. Ward had endured during an expedition in Tibet. "If the weather was discomfiting, the scene which revealed itself to me as soon as I had ascended the first flight of rocks, compensated for every inconvenience. I was breathless, not merely with the ascent: the valley was alight with flowers! Rhododendrons, dwarf in stature yet hoary with age, sprawled and writhed in every direction. I trod them underfoot,

priceless blooms which many men have yearned to see. You could not walk without crushing them, the whole rock floor was hotly carpeted, and over the cliffs poured an incandescent stream of living lava. When I say that I looked down on twenty-five distinct species of Rhododendron, more than half of which had never before been noticed by man—nor have been since, for that matter—I speak the cold truth. It was immense. Aladdin's cave contained nothing to equal this glut of treasure." The richest prize of that expedition



A PROSTRATE CREEPING RHODODENDRON WITH LARGE LILAC-COLOURED FLOWERS INTRODUCED INTO ENGLISH GARDENS BY MR. KINGDON WARD: *RHODODENDRON PATULUM*, OBTAINED BY THE AUTHOR UNDER ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE MISHMI HILLS, ON THE ASSAM FRONTIER, AT A HEIGHT OF 12,000 FEET.

"In the inhospitable Mishmi Hills," writes Mr. Kingdon Ward, "I found *Rhododendron patulum*, a dwarf carpet-weaving species. It was on a squally day of driving rain and clammy mist at 12,000 feet. . . . But finding the plant in bloom was as nothing compared with the smash-and-grab raid I undertook to get seed of it. The turbulent Mishmi had threatened reprisals if I went up their mountain. . . . so . . . I dashed up the ridge, prepared to spend two nights in a miserable cave rather than return without it."

sea-coast, from Shanghai to Fuchow), inhabited for ages by a highly civilised people who themselves cultivated plants, gave us many Roses, Azaleas, China Asters (*Callistephus*), Camellia, Chrysanthemums, *Pyrus japonica*,

*"The Romance of Gardening." By F. Kingdon Ward, B.A. (Cantab), F.R.G.S. (Gold Medallist), F.L.S., F.R.H.S. (Victoria Medal of Honour: Veitchian Gold Medal). Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 10s. 6d.).



MECONOPSIS SPECIOSA, A PRICKLY, SKY-BLUE POPPY GROWING 15,000 FEET UP ON THE YUNNAN-TIBET FRONTIER: ONE OF A GROUP OF PLANTS FROM THE ALPINE RANGES AT THE EASTERN END OF THE HIMALAYAS WHICH, FOR REASONS DIFFICULT TO DIVINE, WILL NOT GROW IN ENGLISH GARDENS.

of the world; and he has much ripe counsel to offer the amateur gardener. We are glad to observe that he issues a counterblast to those who complain without ceasing that England is being despoiled of its flowers; for, as he points out, although some few wild flowers may have succumbed to the depredations of vandals, England as a whole has been enormously enriched in flowers and vegetation during the past century, and the process continues unabated. His chief counsel to the "owner-gardener"—who, after all, is the person most to be considered—is one of patience. He tells us much, more in indulgence than in exasperation, of the "perverseness of plants." "Plants are just like children; infinitely lovable, infinitely tiresome. If they weren't tiresome they might be less lovable." To each separate gardener is his own luck and his own vicissitudes. "So long as we look upon gardening as a perpetual experiment, so long will it be the most fascinating of hobbies." But there is a limit to experimentation, and Mr. Ward reminds us pertinently that a garden is not (as some grim students of catalogues regard it) primarily a laboratory, but a place of pleasure. Such it is to-day, on a larger scale than ever before, to thousands of English delvers and toilers, who will derive much profit and entertainment from this authoritative and attractive volume.—C. K. A.

IN THE "ALPINE" AFRICAN TROPICS : GROUNDSEL TREES AND GIANT LOBELIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY) EXPEDITION TO THE EAST AFRICAN MOUNTAINS. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



IN ONE OF THE WEIRD "ALPINE" AREAS OF EAST AFRICA, WHERE SPECIES OF GROUNDSEL, LOBELIA, AND HEATHER ATTAIN THE SIZE OF TREES!—GIANT GROUNDSEL ROUND A TARN BELOW JACKSON'S SUMMIT ON MT. ELGON; PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO THE AFRICAN MOUNTAINS.



GIANT LOBELIA GROWING AT 13,500 FEET ON MT. KENYA: PLANTS THAT RESEMBLE STIFF, WOOLLY CATERpillARS STANDING ON END, AND HAVE PALE-BLUE FLOWERS (THOUGH THESE ARE LARGELY HIDDEN BY THE GREEN BRACTS); WITH GIANT GROUNDSEL AND THE NORTH-WEST SLOPES OF MT. KENYA IN THE BACKGROUND.

On this page, we show two of the extraordinary scenes that met the eyes of the members of the British Museum Expedition to the Mountains of East Africa. The following descriptive note was supplied by Mr. Patrick M. Synge, a member of the Expedition: The objects of this expedition included the study of the fauna and flora of the higher zones of the East African mountains and the relation of the plants to their environment. The combination of a tropical sun, perpetual snow and ice, a high humidity and a high altitude have combined to produce a flora unlike anything found elsewhere in the world. Particular attention was paid to the arborescent groundsel and the giant lobelias. These arborescent

groundsel are real trees often twenty or thirty feet in height, contorted into weird shapes and fantastic geometrical patterns. Their stems end in cabbage-like crowns of foliage, from which hang down moplike masses of dead leaves. No one, except a systematic botanist, would recognise them as the same genus as the common English groundsel, or the lobelias as similar in any way to the common little blue bedding lobelia. These giant forms occur on all the higher mountains of East Africa. . . . Mt. Elgon was climbed from both the Uganda and the Kenya sides. It is an ancient volcano and possesses the largest crater in the world—eight miles in diameter and nearly two thousand feet in depth.



THE "BROADWAY" OF HSINKING IN THE MAKING! A GREAT AVENUE, ALREADY PROVIDED WITH SILVER-HUED LAMP-STANDARDS, IN THE CAPITAL OF MANCHUKUO, NEAR WHICH BANDITS RECENTLY AMBUSHED A TRAIN.



CONTRASTS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE, HSINKING: HUGE MARBLE COLUMNS FACED BY AN ORIENTAL LAMP-STAND AND MECHANICAL BOOT-CLEANERS (USEFUL IN WET WEATHER WHERE MANY ROADS ARE STILL UNPAVED).

A "SECOND TOKIO" ARISING IN MANCHUKUO: PROGRESS THE CITY NEAR WHICH BANDITS RECENTLY AMBUSHED



THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE OF THE STATE OF MANCHUKUO: THE SECOND OF THE GREAT GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS COMPLETED AT HSINKING (FORMERLY CHANGCHUN), CHOSEN IN 1932 TO REPLACE MUKDEN AS THE CAPITAL.



HSINKING AS A HOLIDAY SHOW-PLACE FOR JAPANESE STUDENTS: VISITORS, BROUGHT BY CAR AND MOTOR-COACH, ADMIRING THE CITY FROM THE ROOF OF THE CAPITAL'S CONSTRUCTION BUREAU.



IN A TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AT HSINKING—THE STAFF INCLUDING JAPANESE GIRLS WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE, EMPLOYED AS BEING MORE ALERT THAN NATIVE MANCHURIANS.

IN THE BUILDING OF ITS NEW CAPITAL, HSINKING, A TRAIN, IN A FORMERLY SAFE AND PEACEFUL AREA



THE LARGEST EMBASSY IN THE WORLD AND THE ONLY ONE AT PRESENT IN MANCHUKUO—THAT OF JAPAN: THE BUILDING AS SEEN FROM CENTRAL AVENUE, TO BE MADE THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF HSINKING.



MILITARY PROTECTION FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN HSINKING AS WELL AS FOR GREAT PRIVATE RESIDENCES: A PRECAUTION NECESSARY IN A COUNTRY WHERE LAWLESSNESS IS STILL EVIDENT.



ANCIENT AND MODERN FORMS OF TRACTION AND EASTERN DRESS BESIDE WESTERN ARCHITECTURE: CONTRASTS IN A NEW RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT FOR GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES AT HSINKING.



FIRE-PREVENTION IN THE NEW CAPITAL OF MANCHUKUO: A WATCHMAN AT THE TOP OF AN OBSERVATION-TOWER AT HSINKING—A MODERNIZED FORM OF THE OLD JAPANESE STRUCTURES DEFUNCT BY HABITUAL.



PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS PREVAILING AMONG THE LABOURERS ENGAGED ON THE LAYING-OUT OF MANCHUKUO'S NEW CAPITAL: COOLIES, BROUGHT TO HSINKING FROM SOUTHERN CHINA, BESIDE THEIR MATTING TENTS AND OPEN-AIR KITCHEN.

THE report of the other day that a party of bandits, about a hundred strong, had derailed and attacked a train travelling from Hsinking to Korea brought the capital of Manchukuo again into the news. Four rails were removed from the track only about forty miles from Hsinking. The bandits killed most of the guards and overpowered the others. By the time armoured trains arrived on the spot, the bandits had got away to the mountains with their captives. It was stated that troops and police were hot on their trail. Opinion in the capital of Manchukuo was deeply shocked by this outrage, the first which had occurred in the district between Hsinking and Kirin, which, since the founding of the new State of Manchukuo, has been considered one of the safest parts of the country. According to one account, the bandits shouted "Where are the Japanese?" "Kill the Japanese!" and molested nobody in the coach containing Europeans and Manchurians. For the rest, we may note that Hsinking has been built beside Changchun, which no longer exists, Hsinking having absorbed it. In 1932, the Regent (now the Emperor) gave orders intended to make Hsinking the most modern city in Eastern Asia. It has already gained world significance. The new city is there, but it is not by any means finished. Not even in ten years will it be completed. This is the second year of the first Five-Year Plan. At present Hsinking

(Continued opposite.)

contains 150,000 inhabitants, but it is planned for two millions. The construction of the new capital is an enterprise of the Manchukuo Government. They provide the money, but the work is done by the Japanese. Some 400 of Japan's best architects and engineers were sent here, and coolies by the thousand were brought from South China. Besides the Manchukuo Government, private persons and the Japanese Government have also invested enormous sums in factories, co-operative stores, palatial picture theatres, and so on. Regarding the photograph (second from right at the top) showing the Japanese Embassy, a descriptive note reads: "Central Avenue, the future show street of Hsinking, is as broad as the Champs-Élysées in Paris. The two rows of trees were planted in one night. It leads to the Government quarter. The huge block of buildings in the background is the largest Embassy in the world, and the only Embassy in Manchukuo—that of Japan. It serves at the same time as the headquarters of the Kwangtung Army, that is, the Japanese force stationed in Manchukuo. The Japanese Ambassador is also Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese troops in Manchukuo." Earlier stages in the development of Hsinking were illustrated in our issues of July 1, 1933, and March 3 and December 29, 1934. It was reported that model cities would also be built at Mukden, Harbin, Kirin, and Taitshar, while harbour improvements would be made at several ports.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS FROM BIBLICAL LACHISH: MILITARY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH



1. THE LACHISH OF THE BIBLE: TELL DUWEIR FROM THE WEST; SHOWING THE TERRACED AREA EXCAVATED DURING 1933-34; THE CITY WALLS AND BASTION ALSO EXAMINED THERE, AND THE PALACE-FORT AT THE TOP.



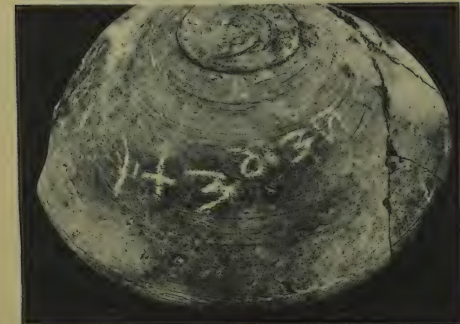
2. UNSALVAGED RUINS OF A HOUSE IN THE LATE JEWISH CITY, DESTROYED IN THE 'CONFLAGRATION' FOLLOWING NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S CAPTURE OF THE CITY: A JAR STOVE WITH REMAINS IN IT; FOUND BELOW THE COURTYARD OF THE PERSIAN SOLAR SHRINE.



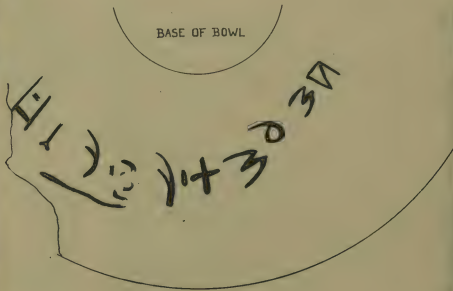
7. THE DUWEIR EWER, DATED NOT LATER THAN 1250 B.C.; A VESSEL PARTIALLY RECONSTRUCTED FROM FORTY-SIX FRAGMENTS AND BEARING ON THE SHOULDER AN INSCRIPTION IN A PROTO-PHOENICIAN SCRIPT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN THE HISTORY OF WRITING.



8. A DRAWING OF THE DECORATION AND INSCRIPTION IN ALPHABETIC CHARACTERS ON THE DUWEIR EWER: A MISSING LINK BETWEEN AN EARLIER AND MORE PICTOGRAPHIC SIGNARY FROM SINAI AND THE PHOENICIAN SCRIPT FROM WHICH OUR ALPHABET IS DERIVED.



11. A RED POTTERY BOWL, CONTEMPORARY WITH THE DUWEIR EWER, BEARING AN ALPHABETIC INSCRIPTION IN WHITE (SULPHATE OF LIME)—FOUND IN A NINETEENTH-DYNASTY GRAVE AT TELL DUWEIR.



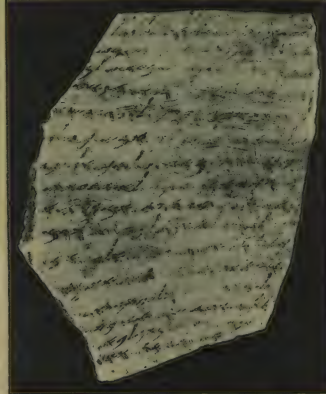
12. A DRAWING OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BOWL (FIG. 11): PROOF THAT ORDINARY PEOPLE WERE READING AND WRITING ALPHABETICALLY AT LACHISH AS EARLY AS THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.

FURTHER results of excavations carried on last season at Tell Duweir, the Biblical city of Lachish, by the Wellcome Archaeological Research Expedition to the Near East under the leadership of Mr. J. L. Starkey, are illustrated on these pages. Mr. Starkey's article on page 242 continues the report which he began in our issue of July 6. Here he is concerned with Hebrew inscriptions of the utmost interest which for the most part fall into two groups. The first group consists of alphabetic inscriptions dated to the reign of Rameses II. (1250 B.C.). Chief in importance is the Duweir ewer (Fig. 7), which, besides bearing figures of goats, trees, a stag followed by its doe, a lion and a bird, is inscribed with characters reading from left to right. The sixth sign (Fig. 8) is distorted to suit the constricted space in front of the stag.

(Continued opposite)

DESPATCHES; AND AN ALPHABETIC SCRIPT OF 1260 B.C.

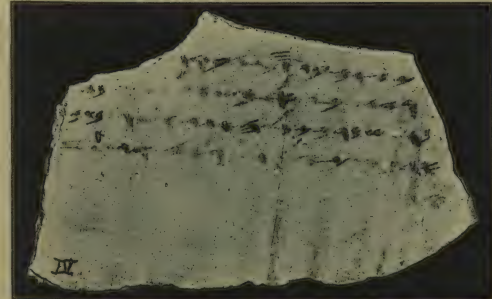
RICHARD BROWN.



3. ONE OF THE LACHISH LETTERS, FOUND IN THE DESTROYED GUARDROOM OF THE JEWISH FORTIFICATIONS: A MESSAGE CONTAINING EVIDENCE FOR THE DATE OF THE CORRESPONDENCE.



9. LETTER VI. OF THE LACHISH LETTERS: A TEXT COMPLAINING OF GENERAL DEMORALISATION IN JUDAH THROUGH THE AGITATIONS OF PROPHETS.



13. PART OF LETTER IV, WHICH SAYS THE WRITER CAN NO LONGER SEE THE SIGNALS OF AZEKAH—THAT CITY PERHAPS HAVING ALREADY FALLEN TO THE INVADING NEBUCHADNEZZAR; A DRAMATIC GLIMPSE OF THE ISOLATION OF LACHISH FROM HER OUTPOSTS.



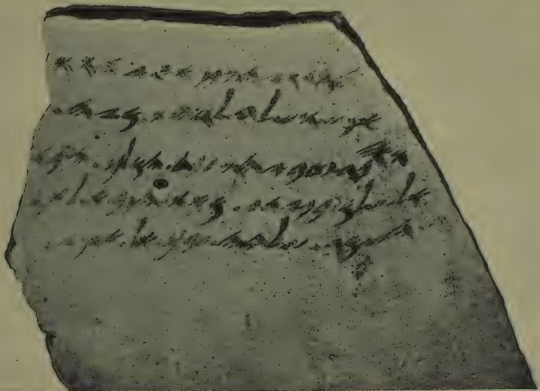
4. A SAPPHIRE SCARAB BEARING THE PERSONAL NAME ASHMUNEFER AND THE ROYAL BADGE IN USE AT THE LATTER PART OF THE EGYPTIAN KINGDOM; THE MOTIF OF THE WINGED BEETLE SHOWING EGYPTIAN INVASIONS.



5. A SMALL SEAL BEARING THE IMPRESS OF A SCARAB AND THE INSCRIPTION 'FOR GEDALIAH, HE WHO IS OVER THE HOUSE': A PROBABLE REFERENCE TO THE GOVERNOR OF JUDAH.



6. SQUARE BLOCKS STANDING FREE FROM THE SOUTH FACE OF THE BASTION, SURROUNDED BY AN AREA OF WHITE PLASTERED PAVEMENT: THE WHOLE POSSIBLY THE PEDISTAL OF AN ALTAR OR SHRINE.



10. PART OF THE LETTER SHOWN IN FIG. 3: THE REFERENCE TO NEBUCHADNEZZAR, GRANDSON OF THE KING, PRESUMABLY THE SAME AS THAT MENTIONED IN 1 CHRONICLES III, 18.

(Continued.)

but is repeated in its correct form behind the goat which faces right. These characters form a "missing link" between the more pictographic signary known at Gezer in Sinai and the orthodox Phoenician script from which western alphabets were derived. A contemporary pottery bowl (Fig. 11) bears similar characters. Over six centuries later come the Lachish Letters, written on pottery jar fragments to one Ya'ush, the captain of the guard, just before Nebuchadnezzar's successful assault on Lachish. As Mr. Starkey shows, they contain references to several Biblical characters and throw a vivid light on the history of the time.



14. THIRTY CHILDREN SIEVING SOIL FROM THE FLOOR OF THE GUARDROOM, WHERE THE LACHISH LETTERS WERE FOUND: HOW ALL THE FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY WERE RECOVERED.

THE LACHISH LETTERS; AND AN ALPHABETIC "MISSING LINK":

MILITARY DESPATCHES OF BIBLICAL INSCRIPTIONS ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLDER THAN THE CODEX SINAITICUS.

By J. L. STARKEY, Director of the Wellcome Archaeological Research Expedition to the Near East. (See also Illustrations on pages 240 and 241.)

IN my previous report I referred to a large ewer, found in the temple precincts, above the abandoned "Hyksos" dry moat defences of the city of Lachish. The temple dates to the XVIIIth-XIXth dynasty, 1400-1260 B.C., and we know that the ewer belongs to its latest phase. We have collected forty-six fragments, which build up into a vessel some twenty-five inches in height. It is made of red ware, finished with a buff burnished slip, and the shoulder bears decoration in red hamatite paint (Figs. 7 and 8). The composition includes a series of goats and trees, a stag followed by its doe, a lion, and a bird (eagle?). Above these animals, at the level of the handle, are characters which have affinities to the writing on the monuments and rocks at Serabit el Khadem in Sinai, although these latter are some two hundred years earlier.

The recently discovered inscription from Ras Shamra, published in "Syria," by Dunand, and the early Phoenician text from Byblos, both on the Syrian coast, appear to be closely connected with our script. The Duweir ewer is the third example of early alphabetic writing from South Palestine. The inscription has been the subject of much discussion, and the Semitic epigraphists agree that it starts with the letters "MaTaN" in the sense of "gift" or "offering." Its importance as a connecting link between the more pictographic Sinaitic signary and the orthodox Phoenician characters has been emphasised (Fig. 8).

This season has added yet a fourth example, from Lachish, on the underside of a small, rough pottery bowl of the commonest type. Ten characters are painted in white (sulphate of lime); the first six are quite distinct, but of the other four letters only traces remain: the stroke, being used as a word-divider (Figs. 11 and 12). The bowl formed part of the funerary equipment of a tomb dated to the early XIXth dynasty, and is of the same type as many thousand bowls found in the temple with the ewer, and is therefore contemporary with it. There is no reason to believe that either of these early inscriptions is the work of a highly cultured person, and the important fact thus emerges that ordinary people were reading and writing alphabetically at this time in Palestine.

A little over six hundred years separates these primitive alphabetic texts from the well-developed Hebrew script used by the writers of the "Lachish Letters" (Fig. 15). So far, few inscriptions have been found in Palestine which can be assigned to the intervening period; there are certainly none which can be dated as early as Solomon. The famous "Moabite Stone," from Transjordan, beyond Palestine, recounts events of Omri's reign, and dates to about 840 B.C. Perhaps a seal found at Tell Duweir should date to the ninth century B.C. It reads: "(Belonging) to Shebna" on the upper register, and below is simply the word "Ahab." It is the first occurrence of this name on an inscribed seal.

There is also an interesting short inscription of Hezekiah's reign (706 B.C.), from the walls of the Siloam Tunnel in Jerusalem, recording the completion of the excavation by two gangs of workers. A steatite scarab from our own site belongs to a slightly later date, and bears the personal name "Akhimelech"—"My brother is (the god) Mlk" (Fig. 4).

It was not until a century after Sennacherib's siege of our city in the reign of Hezekiah in 701 B.C., that the final destruction of the town and its defences took place, in the first onslaught of the Chaldean troops, just before Zedekiah's accession in 597 B.C. The great level of burning at Lachish extends even beyond the outer city wall (Fig. 2), where we find quantities of carbonised olive stones in the ashes of the fires kindled against the foundations; they provide an indisputable seasonal date for the attack—in July or August. As previously reported, the Lachish

Hebrew Philology in the University, Jerusalem, who is now working on them in London. The following details result from his preliminary researches.

There is evidence for the date of this correspondence in Letter III. (Fig. 3), where the writer mentions that he has heard that the commander of the army, Kebaryahu, the son of Elnathan, has passed down on his way to Egypt, and has taken a certain Hodawyah and his men with him. In conclusion, he tells of a warning letter from the prophet, which he knows has been delivered by Nedebyahu, grandson of the king, to Shallum (Fig. 10). The reference to the commander of the army is thought to be a contemporary account of the episode related in Jeremiah xxvi., 20-23—

And there was also a man that prophesied in the name of the Lord, Urijah the son of Shemaiah of Kirjath-jearim, who prophesied against this city and against this land according to all the words of Jeremiah:

And when Jehoiakim the king, with all his mighty men, and all the princes, heard his words, the king sought to put him to death: but when Urijah heard it, he was afraid, and fled and went into Egypt;

Letters were found under an outer gate tower of the Persian period, in the destroyed guardroom of the Jewish fortifications, on January 29, 1935 (Fig. 14). Although many of the texts are now extremely faint, being written in carbon ink with a split pen, some have already yielded important historical and Biblical data. The decipherment of these documents has been undertaken by Dr. Harry Torczyner, Bialik Professor of

which his lord is sending out from Lachish, and further, that he cannot see the signals of Azekah (Fig. 13), which fortress may have already fallen to the invaders. In this reference it is important to note in Jeremiah xxxiv., 7 that Azekah, with Lachish and Jerusalem of all the cities fortified by Rehoboam, was alone able to defy the forces of Babylon—

When the king of Babylon's army fought against Jerusalem and against all the cities of Judah that were left, against Lachish, and against Azekah: for these defenced cities remained of the cities of Judah.

Thus we see that this correspondence must date to the reign of Jehoiakim. The fact that Letter IV. states that signals have ceased from Azekah, and the special archaeological context in which the letters were found—i.e., the deposit of ash and charcoal overlying the floor of the guardroom—suggests the last year of the king's reign. Furthermore, five of the letters were once part of the same jar, and therefore were despatched at near intervals from the same source. The correspondence probably only covers a period of two or three weeks, just before Nebuchadnezzar launched his assault on our fortress. In the correspondence we are also given an insight into political activities of the time. An extract from a letter of a prophet whose home, if it is Urijah, was in the Lachish district, is actually quoted in Letter III.

From Letter VI. (Fig. 9) we learn of the general demoralisation which was rife, not merely in Jerusalem, but throughout Judah, due to these agitators (prophets), and the wording of our text is here parallel to Jeremiah xxxviii., 4—

Therefore the princes said unto the king, We beseech thee, let this man be put to death; for thus he weakeneth the hands of the men of war who remain in this city, and the hands of all the people, in speaking such words unto them.

The correspondence thus far deciphered by Professor Torczyner contains twenty-one personal names in all of which sixteen are compounded with Yahweh (Jehovah). The use of such names bears striking testimony to the recorded reformation carried out in the reign of Josiah, Jehoiakim's father, and it is important to note that Jehoiakim's original name, Jaconiah, was similarly compounded. In this connection it is of interest to refer to the discovery of the ruins of a limestone base for a pedestal or altar outside, and to the left of, the city gate, buried immediately below the level of the latest Jewish road surface (Fig. 6). II. Kings xxiii., 8 records Josiah's measures for purging the country from idolatrous worship—

And he brought all the priests out of the cities of Judah, and defiled the high places where the priests had burnt incense, from Geba to Beersheba, and brake down the high places of the gates that were in the entering in of the gate of Joshua, the governor of the city, which were on a man's left hand at the gate of the city.

It is particularly fortunate that the Lachish Letters were written on pottery fragments, "ostraca," and not on such perishable material as the usual papyrus. It is entirely due to this fortunate use of potsherds that they survived the fires that consumed the fortifications and guardroom. Although papyrus has never been found in Palestine, its use is evident from at least one find made this season. A small clay sealing (Fig. 5) bears the impress of a signet, with two lines of inscription: "For Gedaliah, he who is over the house." On the back is the clear cast of the surface of the papyrus document to which it had been affixed. The owner of the seal may have been no less a person than Gedaliah, son of Ahikam, who was nominated by Nebuchadnezzar to govern Judah after the dethronement of its last king, Zedekiah, in 588 B.C.—

And as for the people that remained in the land of Judah, whom Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon had left, even over them he made Gedaliah the son of Ahikam, the son of Shapan, ruler. (II. Kings xxv., 22.)

The title "he who is over the house," or chamberlain, makes the equation highly probable. This title was also held by the crown prince Jotham while acting on behalf of his father, Uzziah, the leper (II. Kings xv., 5). Our recent discoveries at Tell Duweir make many contacts with the written history of Judah as recorded in the Books of the Old Testament. New details are thus added to those isolated stories, which clarify the historical background and establish the reality of their chief actors, so familiar to us from childhood.

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	SAMARIA OSTRACA	OPHEL OSTRACON	SILOAM TUNNEL	GEZER TABLET	MOABITE STONE	SEAL SCARAB IMPRESSION
A	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
B	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
G	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
D	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
H	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
W	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
Z	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
H	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
I	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
Y	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
K	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
L	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
M	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
N	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
S	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
A	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
PF	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
S	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
Q	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
R	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
SH	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ
T	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ	Ⲁ

15. A CHART SHOWING THE DIFFERENT FORMS OF THE CHARACTERS USED IN THE LACHISH LETTERS: A COMPARISON WITH THE OSTRACA FROM SAMARIA AND OPHEL, THE INSCRIPTIONS CUT IN STONE FROM THE SILOAM TUNNEL, GEZER CALENDAR, THE MOABITE STELA, AND PERSONAL JEWISH SEALS.

On this page Mr. J. L. Starkey, Director of the Wellcome Archaeological Research Expedition to the Near East, concludes his report (begun in our issue of July 6) of last season's excavations at Tell Duweir, the Biblical Lachish. Photographs numbered to correspond with the author's references are given on the two preceding pages. This week Mr. Starkey's subject is the extremely interesting series of the "Lachish Letters" dated to the reign of Jehoiakim (598 B.C.) and contemporary with the prophet Jeremiah, and the alphabetic inscriptions (about 1260 B.C.) which form a "missing link" in the history of our alphabet. The Lachish Letters contain numerous contacts with the Bible story.—[Drawing by Lankester Harding.]

And Jehoiakim the king sent men into Egypt, namely, Elnathan the son of Achbor, and certain men with him into Egypt.

And they fetched forth Urijah out of Egypt, and brought him unto Jehoiakim the king; who slew him with the sword, and cast his dead body into the graves of the common people.

The inversion of the name of the commander of the army is understandable, as it is not unusual to find such transposition of names in the Bible. Compare the names given for the wives of Esau in Genesis xxvi., 34-35; xxviii., 9, with Genesis xxxvi., 2-3. "The grandson of the king" would appear to be the same Nedebyah, then a young boy, who is referred to in I. Chronicles iii., 18. From the text of these Letters, we learn of messages received by a senior officer, addressed as "My lord Ya'ush," in the last days of preparation and stress before the city was surrounded and isolated from her outposts.

These abnormal conditions seem to account for the choice of pottery jar fragments as writing material, instead of the customary sheet or roll of papyrus. Such a sheet is referred to in the beginning of Letter IV. It is in the concluding sentences of this same letter that the writer states that his post is watching the fire signals (Massuot),

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



WINNER OF THE WINGFIELD SCULLS: MR. P. H. JACKSON (LEFT); WITH MR. E. W. WINGATE, RUNNER-UP.

The Amateur Sculling Championship of the Thames—the race for the Wingfield Sculls—was won by P. H. Jackson, one of the leading oarsmen of the London Rowing Club, on August 2, by about a dozen lengths. His time was 22 mins. 11 secs. He was competing for the first time. His opponent, E. W. Wingate (Vesta Rowing Club), had never won the trophy.



MR. ARTHUR LAMBTON.

The well-known author. Died August 2; aged sixty-five. He had recently been Collector of Taxes for the City (West) area of London. Was instrumental in the passing of the Legitimacy Act, 1926. Founded Our Society (the Crimes Club), 1903.



SIR MARSHALL WARMINGTON.

A registrar in the High Court of Justice in Bankruptcy since 1926. Died August 2; aged sixty-three. Graduated at Trinity, Cambridge, in 1893, and was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1895. He succeeded his father, Sir Cornelius Marshall Warmington in 1908.



THE DEATH OF PRINCE MDIVANI: THE WRECKAGE OF THE CAR IN WHICH HE CRASHED AT 80 M.P.H., NEAR FIGUERAS, SPAIN.

Prince Alexis Mdivani, the divorced husband of the Woolworth heiress, Miss Barbara Hutton (now Countess von Haugwitz Reventlow), was killed in a motoring accident between Palamos and Figueras in Spain, on August 1. He was taking Fräulein Thyssen, daughter of the director of a German steel factory, to catch the Paris express at Perpignan. Prince Mdivani came of an old Georgian (Russian) family.



MR. JOHN TILLEY.

The variety and wireless comedian. Died August 3; aged thirty-six. He had been in the R.A.F. and the Gordon Highlanders, and had followed many other professions. Was resident comedian, the Windmill Theatre, for some time.



MR. G. E. COLLINS.

The leading British glider-pilot. Killed when his glider crashed on July 30, during a display by an air circus at Ramsey, Hunts. Holder of the British long-distance gliding record, both solo and with passenger. Had made an intensive study of meteorology.



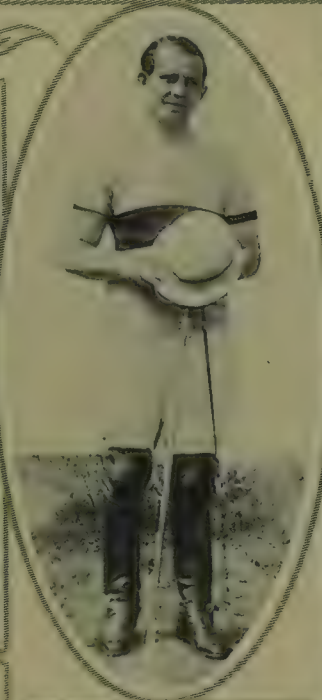
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT IN YUGOSLAVIA: PRINCE PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA GREETING PRINCESS MARINA.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent, who are paying a visit to Yugoslavia, arrived at the Lake of Bohinj on August 2, and drove to Bistrica, where the population cheered them with great enthusiasm. They are staying in the villa of Prince Paul (who is Princess Marina's brother-in-law), who, with his wife, the Princess Olga and Prince and Princess Nicholas, Princess Marina's parents, welcomed them.



THE KING AND QUEEN ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" FOR COWES WEEK: THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL YACHT.

The King and Queen have been in the Royal Yacht since the end of last month. The King raced in the "Britannia" in a number of contests. Cowes Week opened on August 4 with the regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. Photographs of yacht racing in the Solent will be found on pages 252 and 253 of this issue.



THE LATE PRINCE ALEXIS MDIVANI, WHO WAS A WELL-KNOWN POLO PLAYER.



THE FRENCH STRATOSPHERE-AEROPLANE DISASTER: THE PILOT, M. COGNOT, WITH M. FARMAN, BEFORE THE ASCENT.

The experimental stratosphere aeroplane F1001 crashed on August 5. The pilot was killed and the machine totally destroyed. The task of testing the machine (on which the famous Farman brothers have been working) at 33,000 ft. was being carried out. A Farman stratosphere-aeroplane, presumably the same machine, was illustrated in our issue of August 12, 1933.

NAVAL OCCASIONS OF NAVY WEEK: THE BRITISH PUBLIC INSPECT THE BRITISH FLEET.



FIRING TORPEDOES DURING THE CHATHAM NAVY WEEK.

NAVY WEEK opened at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham on August 3, and continues until to-day, the 10th. Needless to say, it has attracted many visitors desirous of seeing how the British Navy goes about its work. Rear-Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of York inaugurated the Week by making a speech from a platform at the starboard cathead of H.M.S. "Victory." In the course of it, he expressed the hope that memories of the Silver Jubilee Review would prove an incentive to the public to take full advantage of Navy Week. As a matter of fact, its popularity was proved from the first day, when the attendance at Portsmouth was 11,432, an increase of 1998 on that of last year; at Plymouth, 5766, an increase of 871; and at Chatham, 5849, an increase of 671. On Bank Holiday there were 28,710 at Portsmouth; 15,104 at Plymouth; and 23,629 at Chatham.



THE DUKE OF YORK INAUGURATING NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH: H.R.H. ON THE PLATFORM AT THE STARBOARD CATHEAD OF NELSON'S "VICTORY" FROM WHICH HE SPOKE.



THE TRADITIONAL "CROSSING THE LINE" REPRODUCED ASHORE: NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE PRESIDING OVER THE MIRTHFUL CEREMONIAL IN PLYMOUTH DOCKYARD.



A WAR EPISODE REPRODUCED AT CHATHAM: A SUBMARINE SINKING AS A RESULT OF GUNFIRE FROM A Q-SHIP, A VERY POPULAR FEATURE OF THE DISPLAYS.

THE NEXT VICEROY: THE CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT SELECT COMMITTEE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.



THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW, WHO IS TO BE VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA: AN EXPERT ON INDIAN CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM AND ON INDIAN AGRICULTURE.

The following announcement was issued from 10, Downing Street, on the night of August 6: "The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Most Hon. the Marquess of Linlithgow, P.C., K.T., G.C.I.E., O.B.E., to be Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in succession to the Right Hon. the Earl of Willingdon, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., whose term of office is due to expire in April next." The Viceroy-designate, who is not yet forty-eight, was Chairman of the Royal Commission on Agriculture in India, 1926-28, and in 1933 he was chosen to be Chairman of the Joint Select Committee on Indian Con-

stitutional Reforms, which revised the draft Constitution and produced the Government of India Act which received the Royal Assent on August 2. Among other posts, he has held those of Civil Lord of the Admiralty and Deputy Chairman of the Unionist Party Organisation. He served in the European War, 1914-18. He holds various directorships, including one of the Bank of Scotland and one of J. and P. Coats. He was born on September 24, 1887, and succeeded his father in the title in 1908. In 1911 he married Doreen Maud, younger daughter of Sir Frederick Milner, 7th Bt. He has twin sons and three daughters.



ABYSSINIA: AN IMPRESSION OF ITS PHYSICAL FEATURES, WHICH ARE OF PARAMOUNT

The possibility of war between Italy and Abyssinia leads to much discussion of the physical features of the country ruled by Haile Selassie I., of the obstacles which they would present to an invader, and of the opportunities the Abyssinians might have of waging an effective guerrilla warfare in such terrain, even against a better armed and better equipped enemy. The drawing published here shows how the country consists mainly of an immense plateau, mountainous and riven with gorges, fringed on the south and east by hot, dry, inhospitable deserts. Through these an invading force, penetrating from Eritrea or Italian Somaliland, would have to make its way before reaching the central table-land. And even there Abyssinia has few vulnerable

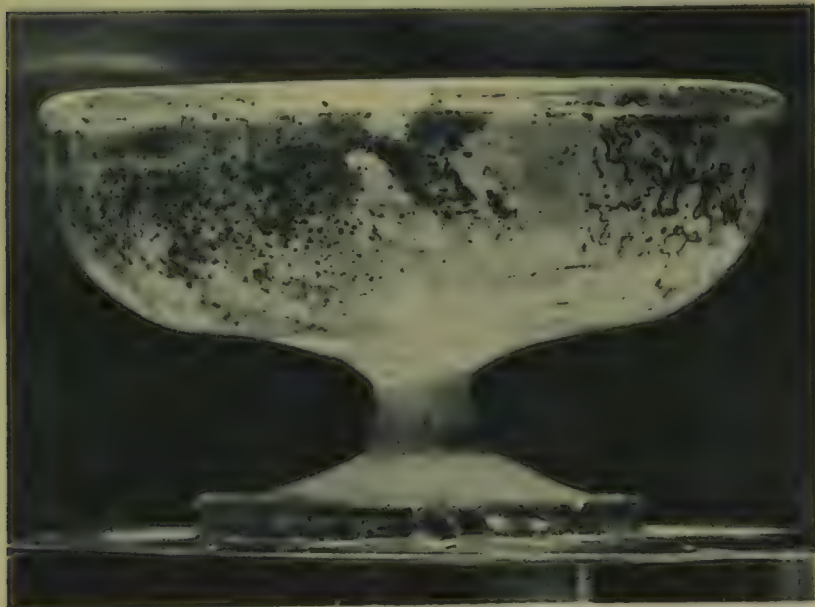
points. Addis Ababa, the capital, Harar, the centre of the Emperor's own province, and Dire Dawa are the only towns of considerable size. A vivid description of the country is contained in Mr. James E. Bauman's "Savage Abyssinia": "Extensive level, or almost level, regions are the exception, and the country, as a whole, is a mass of mountains and canyons, a torn and riven jumble of peaks and cliffs and escarpments, piled helter-skelter on a high table-land. And the thing is on so massive and grand a scale that its ruggedness becomes depressing after a few months of travel. Mules give out and the distance covered in a day's trek shows so small upon the map that the traveller begins to wonder whether or not he will ever reach

IMPORTANCE IN ANY CONSIDERATION OF MILITARY ACTIVITY IN THE COUNTRY.

his destination. It is impossible to make long marches because of the difficulties of the country: the deep canyons and steep ascents. . . . There are all sorts and conditions of terrain in this last independent African Kingdom, for its boundaries extend east into the Somali desert, west into the fever-haunted jungles of the Upper Nile drainage basin, and south into the arid water towards Lake Rudolf. But the low hot fringes, outskirts, are not the real Abyssinia. That, as we have said, is the high, rocky, giant's table that stands, a titanic bulwark, its peaks and buttresses thrust into the African sky, a monument to the ancient geological forces that created it when the world was young. And among those peaks, plateaux, escarpments,

and elevated plains dwells the unconquered highland race—the children of the Queen of Sheba." From this description it becomes plain that effective use of aircraft by the Italians would be as difficult as any other military activity. There are few places where landing is possible in the plateau country, and the air there is so rarefied, being 8000 or more feet above sea-level, that taking-off is always hazardous. It is of interest to draw attention, finally, to the position of Lake Tana, amid the hills in north-western Abyssinia. Lake Tana is the source of the Blue Nile, and for that reason closely affects British interests. On its waters depends the irrigation of much of the Sudan.—[DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVES.]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A CUP CLAIMED TO BE, PERHAPS, THE HOLY GRAIL ITSELF: THE "ANTIOCH CUP" NOW BEING EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

A correspondent sends us the following note: "This glass cup, shaped like a chalice, 4½ in. high, has reached England from Syria. It is believed to be the actual cup used at the Last Supper. The cup was discovered in a cave by missionaries excavating in the valley of the Orontes between Antioch and Hamith, reputed site of one of the earliest Christian churches. It has now arrived at the Palestine Exhibition in Tufton Street, Westminster."



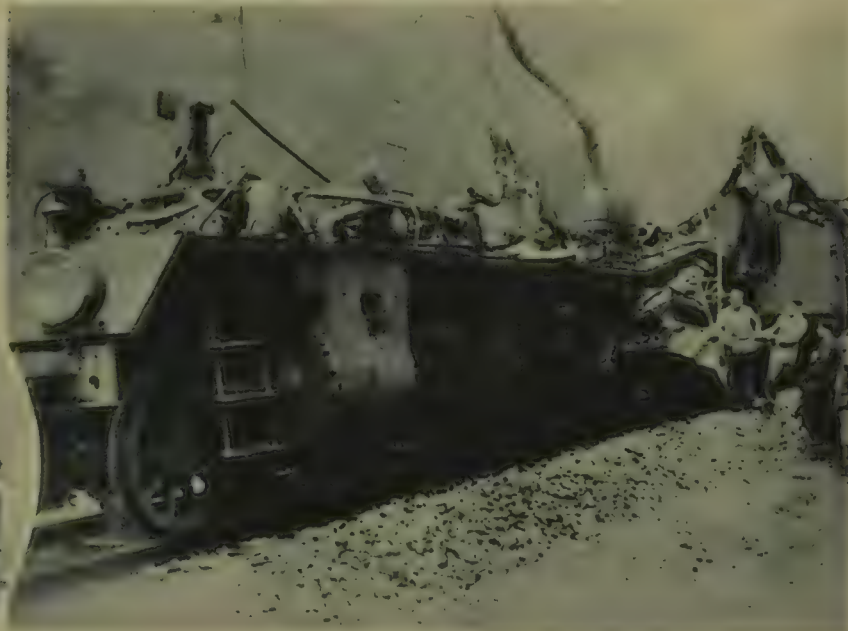
"THE FAMILY AND DESCENDANTS OF SIR THOMAS MORE," BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST: A BEQUEST TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

This important painting has just come into the possession of the National Portrait Gallery, where it is now on view. It was bequeathed by the late Mr. Emslie John Horniman. Sir Thomas More (third from left), the recently canonised Englishman, is seen with his father (left) and children. On the right are some of his descendants. The painting was done in 1593 for More's grandson by an unknown artist.—[By Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery; copyright reserved.]



A SOUTHERN RAILWAY STEAMER CATCHES FIRE IN THE CHANNEL: THE "PRINCESS ENA" ABLAZE AMIDSHIPS AND AFT, BEFORE SHE SANK.

The Southern Railway cross-Channel steamer, "Princess Ena," caught fire on August 3 when she was ten miles south of Jersey on her way to St. Malo. Her passengers had already been disembarked at Jersey, and her captain and crew made a long but unavailing fight against the fire. The vessel sank, nobody having been injured, on August 4. She was built in 1906. For some years in the war she did ferry work between Salonica and Mudros.



A TRAIN'S BOILER EXPLODES, KILLING THE DRIVER AND FIREMAN, THOUGH NO ONE ELSE WAS HURT: A PECULIAR TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.

The boiler of the locomotive of the night express from Modane to Paris burst near Tenay (Ain) in the night of August 1, when the train was running at about fifty miles an hour. The train was not derailed, and it quickly stopped, the brakes having been applied as the vacuum apparatus on the footplate broke. The driver and fireman were found lying dead on the line. No one else was hurt.



THE CHAMPION OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FISHING FLEET: THE "BLUENOSE," THIRD IN THE SCHOONER RACE ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The beautiful schooner "Bluenose," which represented the Canadian Banks Fishing Fleet at the Royal Naval Review, is still in the Solent, where a cruise aboard her can be obtained at a modest price. On August 2 she competed in the Royal Thames Yacht Club's schooner race round the Isle of Wight, but the weather was too light for her and she finished third out of five, being beaten by Mr. T. B. F. Davis's "Westward," and Mr. W. Runciman's "Altair."



PORPOISES IN THE THAMES: THE SCHOOL OF ABOUT SIX WHICH PAID A BANK HOLIDAY VISIT PHOTOGRAPHED FROM BARNES BRIDGE.

A school of porpoises visited the Thames in early August, striking terror into the hearts of children bathing, who took them for sharks. One of them was found dead on the shore near Putney Bridge on August 1. The porpoises spent some time cruising about outside the Houses of Parliament. There had been a similar visit last November, when porpoises were seen near Twickenham, but not for some time before that.

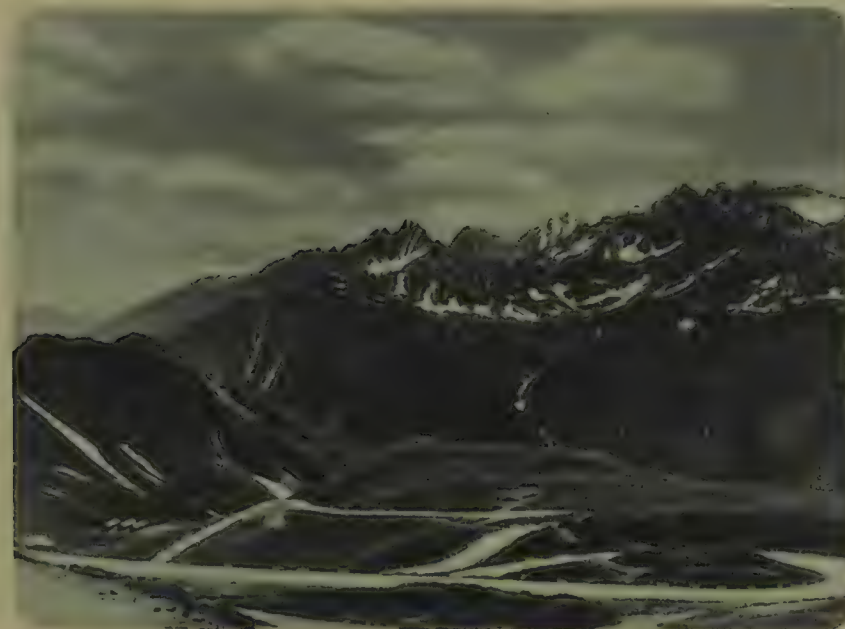
THE NEW GROSS-GLOCKNER ROAD.



THE NEW GROSS-GLOCKNER ROAD IN AUSTRIA: A SECTION OF THE ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION; SHOWING ONE OF THE MANY EMBANKMENTS WHICH HAD TO BE MADE.



THE GROSS-GLOCKNER ROAD RUNNING ACROSS A SNOWFIELD: A HIGHWAY WHICH RISES TO OVER 8000 FT. AND BRINGS VENICE WITHIN EIGHT HOURS OF MUNICH.



THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY ON THE NEW ROAD: A VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF CARINTHIA FROM JUST BELOW THE HOCHTOR TUNNEL, WHICH IS THE HIGHEST POINT, BEING OVER 8000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

The Austrian President, Dr. Miklas, opened the new Gross-Glockner road on August 3. This is one of the finest highways in Europe and rises to a height of 8100 ft. It is twenty-two miles long, connects the northern part of Austria with Carinthia and East Tyrol, and makes it possible to reach Venice from Munich in eight hours. It has tremendous importance from the tourist point of view, but would also make it possible, in an emergency, to rush troops from South to North Austria. It is a great achievement of technical science and rises in twenty hairpin bends from a level of 1600 ft. The scenery on the road is magnificent. The Austrian Government anticipate such popularity for the new road that they expect that about 120,000 travellers will use it during the five snow-free months—from the beginning of June to the end of October. Every passenger in a vehicle has to pay a toll of eight Austrian schillings—about 6s. 6d. in English money—for the privilege of using the road, though nothing will be charged for the vehicle itself. In this way, the enormous cost of the undertaking will eventually be met.

THE GLENCOE ESTATE SOLD.

The Pass of Glencoe, the scene of the massacre of 1692, was sold by auction by Messrs. Fox and Sons, of Bournemouth, on July 31. When the lot which included the scene of the massacre was put up for sale, a representative of the National Trust for Scotland came forward and bought the area for £1350. This included the Clachaig Hotel, the famous old coaching inn. Dr. Sutherland, of Bath, bought the Torren Estate for £1100. The rock on which the signal for the massacre was given is included in this area. It was stated that the National Trust would take over the Signal Rock and Alan Breck's stone. On this rock Alan Breck hid (both in fact and in R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped") when he was pursued by troopers after the shooting of Red Fox (Campbell) in Appin. Another interesting site up for sale was the Glen of Weeping, famed in Highland story. The sale started in Glencoe House, but, since many people could not gain admittance, the auctioneer took his table into the open air. The estate of about 75 square miles had been sold by Lord Strathcona some time ago to a Bournemouth firm, who announced that they would resell it in lots. On this occasion the bulk of it changed hands at conspicuously low prices.



A VIEW OF GLENCOE SHOWING ALAN BRECK'S ROCK, THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS INCIDENT IN STEVENSON'S "KIDNAPPED": A PART OF THE HISTORIC VALLEY TAKEN OVER BY THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL TRUST.



THE RUINS OF ONE OF THE HOUSES IN WHICH THE MACDONALDS WERE KILLED AT THE GLENCOE MASSACRE: A SPOT IN THE WOODS BESIDE CLACHAIG HOTEL (ACQUIRED BY THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL TRUST).



THE ENTRANCE TO GLENCOE—WITH THE LAND PURCHASED BY THE TRUST IN THE CENTRE. (THE MASSACRE TOOK PLACE BELOW THE HILL ON THE RIGHT.)



(ABOVE) AUGUST 4, 1935: ON MARGATE SANDS. (BELOW) THE START FOR THE OPEN COUNTRY: HOLIDAY-MAKERS MASSED AT WATERLOO STATION.

THE CROWDED HOURS OF BANK HOLIDAY WEEK-END: THE HUMAN SWARM.

Your Oxford Dictionary will define "Swarm" for you as: "Large numbers of insects, birds, small animals, sharpshooters, horsemen, etc., moving about in a cluster or irregular body"—and so forth. Undoubtedly to be added is: "Fathers, mothers,

children, aunts, uncles, girls and their boys, motorists, 'sharrybangers,' cyclists, and hikers," for of such is made that densest of swarms, the holiday crowd! Any-one disagreeing with the addition need but look upon these pictures to be convinced.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"THE VOICE OF BRITAIN."

IF one were asked to name in a single phrase the most outstanding quality of "The Voice of Britain" (Carlton), the reply would, I think, be: Its brilliantly contrived balance of instruction and emotion. Produced for the G.P.O. film unit under the direction of Mr. John Grierson and Mr. Stuart Legg in official collaboration

allotted; how scripts are censored—how, in short, all the seemingly miraculous "wheels go round." Yet, when all due credit has been given to these fascinating angles of the most important "documentary" film yet produced in this country, there remains something more memorable than its technical excellence—the imaginative vigour of its directors' creative artistry.

there is a growing tendency on the part of the public to express themselves in no uncertain terms as to the pictures they particularly want to see. They may flock to first nights, to gala performances, to pre-release runs in such numbers as to make it seem impossible that the drawing-power of a film so generously patronised should not be exhausted long before its general release.



"BABOONA," THE MARTIN-JOHNSON ANIMAL FILM: A REMARKABLE "SHOT" OF BABOONS ESCAPING ACROSS A RIVER FROM CHEETAHS.

with the British Broadcasting Corporation, this picture, in the short running time of just under an hour, carries the onlooker through a series of incidents representing the commonplace routine of a day at Broadcasting House. These incidents have no continuity in the ordinary sense of the word. They are selected apparently at haphazard—here a scene in a rehearsal room, there an orchestra in full and sonorous performance of a Beethoven symphony; here a politician at the microphone, there an audition—effectively cut, vivid impressions of events and people that seem to have little or no connection one with the other, and yet are all immediately recognisable as forming part and parcel of one great whole. For this is the subtlety of the method of Mr. Grierson and his fellow-directors, that they suggest rather than insist, wasting no time on elaborate explanations, but relying upon the imaginations of their audience to fill in the inevitable lacunæ in a rapid survey of a vast subject. And so from the first shots of the gleaming white frontage of the building itself, up and up with the soaring cameras until solid masonry dissolves against wind-blown clouds criss-crossed with aerials, and words of prayer and thanksgiving—beautifully spoken by the Rev. Dick Sheppard—lead out a new day, imagination is set to work. Department after department is visited; activity after activity is seen in progress. Directors and officials, conductors and artists, mechanics and office boys, all play their multifarious parts. London calls Birmingham; Birmingham calls Manchester; Manchester calls Leeds; Leeds calls Edinburgh.

The programme from Scotland is two minutes behind scheduled time in finishing. All other stations must wait. An S.O.S. message goes out to a trawler "now fishing in the North Sea." The hailed vessel is located; an oilskin swathed figure is summoned from its post. Then there is the Children's Hour, the sequence cross-cut from the microphone to a group of youngsters in a country garden to others in a washing-haunted slum, all alike enthralled. An express train thunders on its way, the beat of the Fifth Symphony in the ears of a girl passenger; Mr. Henry Hall and his band are in the studio, alert, vibrant, intoxicating. They vanish to the stride and stamp of dance rhythm across miles of moonlit fields. There is a dramatic and emotional urgency in the swift juxtaposition of these contrasting scenes that is at the same time exciting and intensely poignant.

Nor is entertainment in its most varied and popular aspects neglected. "Turns," by Nina Mac MacKinney and by Clapham and Dwyer are among the items broadcast and, as it were, televised, while literary celebrities are represented by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and Mr. J. B. Priestley. On its instructional side, too, the film is full of variety and interest. There is a peculiar satisfaction in seeing (and hearing) how "noises off" are made; how programmes are timed; how studios are

FILM REPERTORY.

It is a wise man who can gauge the trend of public taste in the matter of entertainment. Yet in the case of the kinema the signs and portents are usually writ so large and so clearly that their interpretation would seem to call for no very subtle discernment. Those whose business it is to follow, critically or commercially, what can only be described as the "type programmes" of different districts know perfectly well that a film which will play to capacity two or three times a day for several weeks in one theatre may be a complete "flop" at another within a few miles' radius. Very often, of course, it is a question of stars. For though, in the main, it is true to say that most of our stellar brilliancies have achieved universal popularity, it is also equally true that that

But—and here is the point which has not escaped certain astute people whose fingers are never out of touch with that most incalculable of all rhythms, the pulse of popularity—many of them want to see these films a second time. To the cynic such a statement may have more than a suspicion of "terminological inexactitude." It is, nevertheless, undeniably true. Why otherwise the demand for more than one revival of "Blossom Time" or "One Night of Love," and now, at the Curzon where it was originally presented, the French musical romance "Farewell"—inspired by Chopin's melodies?—to cite but three examples from a lengthening list. There is, of course, yet another section of the public responsible for these revivals—those who, on their first presentation or general release, missed seeing films which, by reason of their stellar attraction or, more rarely, by virtue of production merits, have come to be regarded as outstanding. The kinema depends very largely—perhaps to a greater extent than any other form of entertainment—upon verbal comment, discussion, commendation, or condemnation. The written opinions of professional critics are as a drop in the ocean of influence as compared with what is known in the theatre as "mouth to mouth publicity."

Thus the sponsors of an experiment now some six weeks old are already assured of two important factors in the success of a scheme designed to supply the demand of a ready-made public. This experiment is the reopening of the little Court Theatre in Sloane Square as London's latest Repertory Film Theatre—a reincarnation which, however much we may regret the changes that have compelled the ending of a long and honourable theatrical tradition, has at least the sentimental advantage of once more setting wide doors that had been unhappily closed and of creating an atmosphere of living activity at a spot so long peopled only by the ghosts of glorious memories. The choice of programmes is largely dictated by the patrons of the theatre themselves. "Pictures by request" might be its slogan, since all who visit it are invited to suggest one or more films for future presentation. As I write, "Man of Aran" and "Rome Express" hold the screen. A study of forthcoming productions already scheduled reveals, among many others, such wide divergences in favouritism as "Grand Hotel," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "I Was a Spy," "Journey's End,"

"Treasure Island," "Front Page," and "Roman Scandals," while Mr. George Arliss apparently heads the list as the star most in demand. It is not at present proposed to include films of a specifically "highbrow" nature, nor those from Continental studios which already have their specialised homes. So far British pictures are well represented, though it must be admitted that American predominate. The experiment is an interesting one from every point of view, not least that of our own studios; since programmes selected by the public, for the public, cannot fail to be a significant indication of what the public wants.



"STAR OF MIDNIGHT," AT THE EMPIRE: WILLIAM POWELL, AS CLAY DALZELL, A CLEVER LAWYER WHO TURNS CRIMINOLOGIST, AND GINGER ROGERS, AS DONNA MANTIN, AT AN INFORMAL SUPPER-PARTY.

In "Star of Midnight," Clay Dalzell, a clever lawyer, turns criminologist in order to solve a mystery which touches a friend very closely. In turn, he finds himself suspected of the crime. Donna Mantin plays Dr. Watson to this improvisation of Sherlock Holmes.

popularity could, quite easily, be tabulated according to geographical areas, and with sharply contrasted results. So, too, with the films themselves. The briefest survey of the West End kinemas alone is sufficient to reveal the fact that each one caters, broadly speaking, for an individual public; or, rather, that a potential filmgoer, scanning the entertainments column of his newspaper, will know beforehand at which theatre he is most likely to find a thriller, a musical picture, a domestic comedy, or a big spectacular production. Yet even in London, with its wide variety of new films always available,

THE ROYAL HOLIDAY AT COWES: THE KING SAILS HIS YACHT "BRITANNIA."



ON THE DAY ON WHICH HIS MAJESTY COMPETED FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP: THE KING (LEFT), THE DUKE OF YORK (CENTRE), AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK (BY THE WHEEL) IN THE "BRITANNIA," WHICH RACED AGAINST THE OTHER BIG BOATS AND THE TWELVES, BUT WAS BECALMED.



THE "ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT" RACE FOR THE CUP GIVEN BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO COMMEMORATE THE KING'S SILVER JUBILEE: "YANKEE," "SHAMROCK V.," "VELSHEDA," "ASTRA," AND "ENDEAVOUR."—LEFT TO RIGHT.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, arrived at Portsmouth from Buckingham Palace on the morning of July 30 and embarked on board H.M.Y. "Victoria and Albert" (Rear-Admiral Dudley North, A.D.C.), proceeding to Cowes Roads early in the afternoon. According to present arrangements, their Majesties will remain afloat for a fortnight.

The King lost no time in following his favourite summer sport. On the 31st, he was in the "Britannia" when she took part in the race for the Prince of Wales's Cup at the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta at Ryde. Unluckily, however, his yacht was becalmed and had to retire. She had done well up to that time, having led Mr. G. B. Lambert's famous "Yankee" for much of the race.



THE ROYAL COMPETITOR OF COWES WEEK: HIS MAJESTY'S 42-YEAR-OLD CUTTER "BRITANNIA."

The "Britannia" was built for the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) in 1893. King George has raced much in her and won many prizes. She ended her first racing career in 1897; and began her second in 1920, when his Majesty had her re-fitted. Since then she has been considerably altered in certain details. For example, she now uses that triangular boom of American pattern which is

known, because of its broad, flat top, as the "Park Avenue Walk," and the quadrilateral jib introduced last year on "Endeavour" by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith. When our photograph was taken his Majesty was sailing her in the "Round the Isle of Wight" race for the Prince of Wales's Cup, the chief event of the first day of the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta at Ryde.

A GREAT EXHIBITION OF REMBRANDT'S TO CELEBRATE THE JUBILEE OF THE RIJKS MUSEUM.



"JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE." (1655.)
Lent by M. Knoedler and Co., New York.

THE Rijks Museum at Amsterdam is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation—on July 13, 1885—by an exhibition of famous pictures by Rembrandt van Rijn. The whole of the great painter's career is illustrated by the 128 exhibits, which have been gathered together from public and private collections in Europe and the United States. Presumably, the average visitor will be particularly interested to see those examples which have crossed the Atlantic. These include two superb portraits from the Mellon collection; The "Young Woman Behind a Low Door" from the Art Institute of Chicago; and the much earlier experiment in still life (1638) belonging to Mrs. John D. McIlhenny, of Philadelphia. There is also such a landscape (1638) as the one from the Count Anton-Ulrich Museum at Brunswick—a place a little far for the holiday-maker. Of the drawings, the Duke of Devonshire has lent eleven; and there are twenty from the Albertina, Vienna.



"YOUNG WOMAN BEHIND A LOW DOOR." (1645.)
Lent by the Art Institute of Chicago.



"A STORMY LANDSCAPE." (1637.)
Lent by the Herzog Anton-Ulrich Museum, Brunswick.



"PAUL IN CAPTIVITY." (1630.)
Lent by the Germanisches Nationalmuseum, Nuremberg.



"PORTRAIT OF HENDRICKJE STOFFELS." (1655.)
Lent by Lord Duveen.



"JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL." (1658.)
Lent by the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin.



"A JEWISH GREYBEARD." (1647.)
Lent by Mrs. A. J. Bieruma Oosting.

NOW BROUGHT TOGETHER IN AMSTERDAM : REMBRANDTS BORROWED FROM FAMOUS COLLECTIONS.

AS we are concerned with certain dates in connection with the Rembrandts reproduced, it may be well to recall that the artist was born in Leiden on July 15, 1606, and died in Amsterdam in October 1669. In 1634 he married Saskia van Uylenburgh, who died in 1642. By her he had four children, but only Titus survived his mother. In 1654 his association with Hendrickje Stoffels, who had been his servant, was discussed more freely than ever, and Hendrickje was duly reprimanded by the Presbytery for her conduct with her master. He may have married her, but that is doubtful. Certain it is that, in 1654, she bore him a daughter, Cornella, whom he acknowledged. In 1663 Hendrickje died; and in 1665 Rembrandt married Katarina van Wijk.



"TITUS READING." (1658.)
Lent by the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.



"CHRIST AT EMMAUS." (1648.)
Lent by the Louvre, Paris.



"A RABBI IN HIS STUDY." (1634.)
Lent by Count Friedrich Nostitz-Rieneck, Prague.



"LANDSCAPE." (1652.)
Lent by M. Etienne Nicolas, Paris.



"SELF-PORTRAIT." (1659.)
Lent by the A. W. Mellon Trust, Washington.



"STILL LIFE WITH BIRDS." (1638.)
Lent by Mrs. John D. McIlhenny, Philadelphia.



"GIRL'S HEAD." (1645.)
Lent by Mrs. Lilian Haass, Detroit.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"PAUL DE LAMERIE, HIS LIFE AND WORK."

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

domestic objects, and had little opportunity to stray from that pleasant but somewhat narrow path. A quarrelsome fellow of genius of the type of Benvenuto Cellini, embarking upon extravagant compositions for prince and cardinal, would have starved in the London of George II. It was just as well for de

personality upon his adopted country, but a first-class workman giving people what they admire.

A rather tiresome manner conceals a vast amount of sound matter in this handsome volume. The late author was beyond all praise as a delver among parish registers and town records, and has traced to its sources everything which has the remotest connection with his subject from birth to death, but his knack of concealing quite ordinary and useful facts beneath an extreme pomposity of style soon reduces any but the most persistent reader to despair. Constant repetitions, the use of the word "momentous" to describe unimportant circumstances,

PAUL DE LAMERIE came to England before he was a year old, not from France but from Holland, where his baptism is recorded in the register of the Walloon Church of Bois le Duc (in Dutch, 's Hertogenbosch). The fact of this Huguenot-Dutch origin is put forward as a new discovery. I can only say that it has long been known to Dutch citizens who trace their ancestry from French émigrés, for as a result of an article on this page three or four years ago, I received a letter from Holland in which the writer, a Lamerie, informed me that there were still members of the family (not, of course, direct descendants) in that country. Paul de Lamerie's father was an officer in the army of William of Orange, and came to London in 1689, where he lived in Berwick Street; and by 1701 was receiving a pension of £45 12s. 6d. per annum from the Civil List. In 1703 the young Paul was apprenticed to Peter Platel, Citizen and Goldsmith. In 1711-12 he became his own master and registered his first mark at Goldsmiths Hall. He married in 1716 and lived in Windmill Street. The following year he was admitted to the livery of the Goldsmiths Company. He entered a second mark at Goldsmiths Hall in 1732, and a third in 1739. In 1738 he moved to a new home in Gerrard Street. He died in 1751. Three of his six children survived him—of these three, all girls, one married, and from her is descended the Guyon family of to-day. At his death de Lamerie's stock-in-trade was sold, and a magnificent business, built up during forty years by the unaided efforts of a poor boy of genuine talent, came to an end.



THE BEAUTIFUL WORKMANSHIP AND GREAT RICHNESS OF THE SILVER PRODUCED BY PAUL DE LAMERIE IN HIS LATER YEARS: TWO VIEWS OF A SET OF THREE CASTERS IN A FRAME; IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION. (HEIGHT OF LARGE CASTER, 8 IN.; 1735-36.)



Lamerie and his competitors that they seem all to have been sober-sides. One can't imagine any one of them conducting a fierce guerrilla warfare against the taste of the time as Hogarth did—they would merely have lost their business. They were content to interpret French fashions to suit English conditions. This they did supremely well, but they necessarily appear a trifle tame.

Of all the many silversmiths known to us, everyone will agree that de Lamerie is as good as any of his contemporaries, but I venture to suggest that he is *primus inter pares*, and not a sort of demi-god as some of his admirers would have us believe. What is specially interesting about his work is the fact that it is spread over so long a period as forty years, so that he is in himself a history of the first half of the century. With the help of the excellent plates at the end of the volume one can study not only de Lamerie's ability as designer and craftsman, but also the gradual change of taste during a whole generation. Here is no strong character imposing his

an odd theory that a flourish beneath a signature is unusual in the eighteenth century, and rambling expositions of such simple questions as the influence of Hogarth upon silver engraving, are not impressive. Nevertheless, the book as a whole, and in spite of these deficiencies, is a worthy memorial to a great craftsman: had the editor, Mr. W. Hannaford-Smith, been given a free hand and a very large blue pencil it would have been a model of its kind. The production is admirable, and I understand that all but a dozen or so of the edition of 250 copies have already been sold. Unless some quite new facts in the shape of documentary evidence come to light, this study will remain for very many years the final word upon the subject. There is, of course, still a possibility that such an illuminating exhibit as the catalogue

of the effects of his workshop and of his stock, which must have been printed for the auction held after his death, may be in existence. The author cast his net very wide, but failed to trace it; it is just possible that this review may find its way into the hands of someone who possesses a bundle of old catalogues in which is the missing record. It is also odd that only two bills for goods supplied are known: there *must* be others—it is difficult to believe that a successful business which lasted so many years perished with so little trace.

The man who likes good silver but who actively dislikes lengthy disquisitions on the genealogy of the de Lamerie family will still feel that the long series of well-chosen plates are alone worth the money. Here, indeed, the sober householder comes to life: you can see a master of technique actually solving problems, sometimes making errors in taste, but never fumbling half-heartedly at his work—and that is really the highest praise one can give a good workman.



AN EARLY WORK BY DE LAMERIE, THE CELEBRATED SILVERSMITH: A CUP AND COVER CONSTITUTING A FINE EXAMPLE OF EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER; IN THE POSSESSION OF E. ASSHETON BENNETT, ESQ. (HEIGHT, 9 IN.; 1718-19.)

Reproductions from "Paul de Lamerie," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd.; Copyrights Reserved by the Owners.

Such, very briefly, are the main facts, which are supported by documentary evidence in this book, but the industry of the author has been unable to find anything which can show us the man as he went about his business—no letters, no diaries, and apparently no mention of him in contemporary gossip. Silversmiths were like cabinet-makers, quiet tradesmen—they live in their work only. Painters also have that sort of immortality, but, in addition, they mix with the great world and move on a rather different plane, not only socially, but because paint is a more eloquent medium of expression: contemporaries can quarrel about a painter's ability—to most men one piece of silver is as good as another. The eighteenth-century silversmith's orbit was circumscribed; he merely had to follow the fashion in producing



ANOTHER EARLY PIECE BY DE LAMERIE: A TEA-CADDY IN THE MOST RESTRAINED TASTE AND PERFECT PROPORTIONS; IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION. (HEIGHT, 5 IN.; 1719-20.)

PAUL DE LAMERIE'S LIFE WORK.

PIECES EXECUTED THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER BY A GREAT SILVERSMITH NOW COMMEMORATED BY AN EXHAUSTIVE STUDY.



1. A SUGAR CASTER BY PAUL DE LAMERIE, THE FAMOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH SILVERSMITH: A PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED PIECE DATING FROM 1719-20.

(Height, 9 in.; in the Possession of Messrs. S. J. Phillips.)



4. A SOMEWHAT LATER CASTER BY PAUL DE LAMERIE: A GRACEFUL EXPRESSION OF THE GREAT CRAFTSMAN'S CONCEPTION OF LINE, WITH A DELICATELY PIERCED COVER; AND DATING FROM 1723-24.

(Height, 6½ in.; in the Possession of the Marquess of Bristol.)



7. A KETTLE AND STAND BY PAUL DE LAMERIE: A SIMPLE TYPE OF GLOBULAR KETTLE, BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED AND RESERVED IN CHARACTER, DATING FROM 1732-33.

(Formerly the Property of Mr. Walter H. Willson.)



2. ANOTHER PIECE EXECUTED BY PAUL DE LAMERIE TOWARDS THE BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER AS A SILVERSMITH: A CUP AND COVER, DATING FROM 1720-21, WITH RATHER MORE ELABORATE ORNAMENTATION. (Height, 12½ in.)



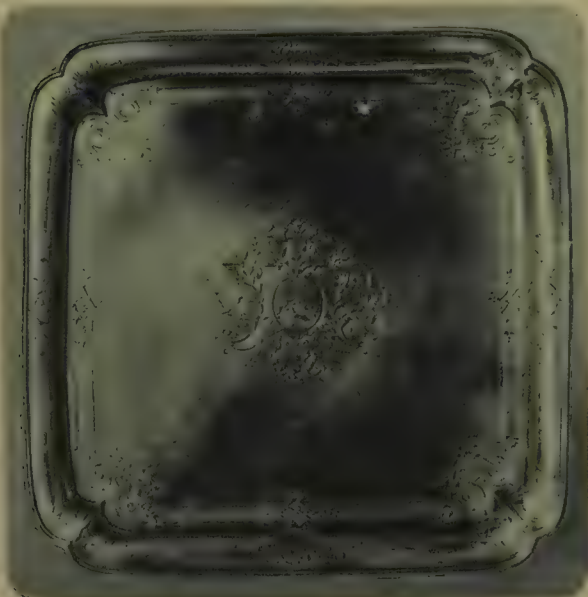
5. ONE OF A SET OF FOUR SALTS EXECUTED BY DE LAMERIE AT THE END OF HIS "FIRST PERIOD," WHEN HE ADOPTED HIS SECOND MARK: A MASSIVE TYPE MUCH FAVOURED BY THIS MASTER; DATING FROM 1731-32.

(Diameter, 4 in.; in the Possession of Earl Spencer.)



8. A KETTLE AND STAND MADE BY DE LAMERIE ABOUT 1737: A SPECIMEN OF THE EARLY PERIOD OF HIS PROFUSELY DECORATED WORK.

(Height, 13 in.; in the Possession of Wm. Randolph Hearst, Esq., New York.)



3. A SQUARE SALVER BY PAUL DE LAMERIE: A TYPICAL PIECE OF THE PERIOD (1721-22), THE INDENTED CORNERS AND BÉRAIN STYLE OF ORNAMENT BEING MUCH IN VOGUE; WITH A FINE CENTRAL ENGRAVING.

(Diameter, 11½ in.)



6. A BREAD BASKET EXECUTED BY DE LAMERIE AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS "SECOND PERIOD," WHEN HIS WORK BECAME MORE ELABORATE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE "ROCOCO" TASTE OF THE TIME: DATING FROM 1731-32.

(Length, 10½ in.; in the Possession of the Marquess of Bristol.)



9. DE LAMERIE'S WORK AT THE END OF HIS LIFE: AN ESCALLOP SHELL, WITH ITS BACK CHASED LIKE NATURE AND MOUNTED WITH MASSES OF CORAL, SEaweeds, AND SMALL SHELLS; DATING FROM 1748-49.

(Maximum width, 4½ in.; Earl Spencer's Collection.)

Mr. P. A. S. Phillips writes of Paul de Lamerie in the elaborate volume reviewed on the opposite page (from which the illustrations here given are reproduced): "During all the period of forty years in which Paul de Lamerie was working, his name is that most outstanding in the craft of the English goldsmith. . . . What de Lamerie as a goldsmith knew of his craft he had learned from his master, Peter Platel. . . . Such a master . . . with an apt pupil should provide the world with yet another master. . . . This undoubtedly happened, and we have in Paul de Lamerie the master who eventually reached the greatest heights. . . . His flights

of fancy into the realms of imaginative design are, in certain examples of his work, stupendous. . . . It is not to be denied that Willaume, Mettayer, and Platel especially excelled in their work . . . and that Sprimont, Charles Kandler, and Wickes rose to great heights in their finest decorative work, but taking them all in all, de Lamerie showed the most highly developed creative powers. His career must be considered in two distinct halves, the first extending from the registration of his first mark until that of his second (i.e., 1712-1732), and the second from the latter date until his death, (1751)." The reproductions are numbered in chronological order.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "PAUL DE LAMERIE; HIS LIFE AND WORK"; BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. B. T. BATSFORD, LTD.; COPYRIGHTS RESERVED FOR THE OWNERS.

Of Interest to Women.



The Jumper Set.

Much water has flowed beneath the bridges since Garibaldi introduced jumpers or pull-overs into England. Those pictured from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have hardly a bowing acquaintance with their prototypes. They have adopted twins in the form of jumpers. The set above is expressed in fingering, a wool that bears a strong resemblance to cashmere. In all the fashionable shades, the jumper is 32s. 6d., and the cardigan 39s. 6d. The set on the right is of spun silk. Note the slimming arrangement at the waist; in this instance the jumper is 49s. 6d. and the cardigan 52s. 6d. So admirably is it tailored in the weaving that it might well be called a coat.

The Wearing of the Veil.

Hats that are different are heralds of the autumn, most assuredly no complaint of monotony can be levelled against them. Veils—or, as they might more accurately be styled, soft draperies—play very important rôles. Sometimes they are bunched up at the back, when they suggest a "bustle." They may form a curtain for the eyes, and then, in contrast to this, extend nearly to the waistline. More often than not they are made of lace of the Chantilly character. Another new note is struck in those of a rather coarse mesh net decorated with fine soutache worked up into a rat's-tail design. The latter are worn off the face and arranged in the same manner as widows' veils were before the war.



The Bérêt and the Halo.

The bérêt has again been completely metamorphosized, and is more nearly related to the headgear worn by men during the Tudor period than the modern Breton affair. The crown is endowed with a forward movement extending four or five inches beyond the forehead—it may be in a point or it may be cut square. The fabricating medium is velvet in the loveliest of shades. There are the whole gamut of greens seen in the spring, to say nothing of the golden tints of autumn and unusual wine shades. The halo in dark felt is seen with a difference in the bandeaux across the forehead or birds under the brim. They introduce glorious notes of colour. The "bonnet" effect has many representatives, some of the true Charlotte Corday character. Naturally, they are the prerogative of the débutante.



Shorter Coats.

Great care is exercised in the making of Knitwear—indeed, the suits have the appearance of tweed tailormades. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, where the fashions pictured on this page may be seen. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that the coats as well as the skirts are shorter this season than last. On the left is a two-piece consisting of coat and skirt for 8½ guineas. It is knitted although it looks like tweed. The inverted pleat in the front of the skirt is a welcome innovation. On the right is a three-piece—viz., coat, skirt, and pull-over, the price of which is 5½ guineas. They are knitted in the old-world stocking stitch (two plain, two purl), the coat being finished with neat leather clasps.



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Ask your local dealer to show you the beautiful and historic Kodagraph film, "The King, God Bless Him!" Reel I. 1910-1918. Reel II. 1918-1935. 16 mm. each reel (100 ft.) 27/6. 8 mm. each reel (50 ft.) 12/-. Also full-length, 16 mm. £7-17-6; 8 mm. £5-17-6.

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And "Trooping the Colour, 1935."

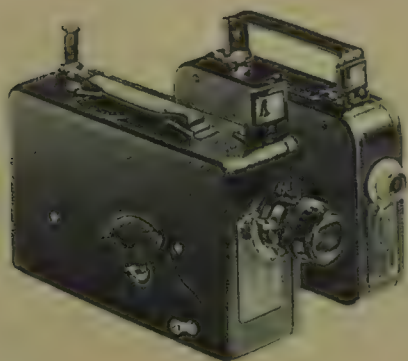
A beautiful and vivid film of this famous ceremony. 16 mm. (100 ft.) 27/6. 8 mm. (50 ft.) 12/-. Schools, Clubs, Institutions and all Home Movie Amateurs will want these permanent records.



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The handy Ciné-Kodak' Eight is inexpensive to buy and quite the cheapest movie-camera to run; or you can get more elaborate models, giving you everything, even natural colour.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

TIME was when the New Year's Day of motor-car production was Oct. 1. Competition and trade production activity have advanced this date until, in place of the former, we have August as the month for heralding New Year's cars. For this 1935-36 season, the Triumph Company open the ball with a display of their products for the ensuing twelve months at the Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, London, W.1, on Aug. 9. This change of venue—from the works at Coventry to a luxurious hotel in the Metropolis—has been made because motor manufacturers find that it is easier to collect all their dealers and wholesalers from all parts of the world in London than at Coventry, where the entertaining facilities are limited. On the other hand, special railway trains

from Euston, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol will carry the Austin distributors and dealers to Birmingham on Aug. 12 to inspect the 1935-36 new Austin range of cars and commercial vehicles. The Longbridge Works of the Austin Company have such an excellent canteen, dining- and recreation-hall, and theatre that they cater for a very large number of persons for such occasions and yet find ample space to display well the large range of vehicles available for the public for the coming season. Morris Motors, Ltd., prefer the Grosvenor House Hotel for the special show and the luncheon to dealers and distributors for their new season's products, to be displayed there on Aug. 16. On that date the inspection of the various new series of Morris cars will be made by the retailers of these motors, so that they can arrange to show them to their own customers as soon as possible after that date. And so the new season begins, while we, the motor-buying public, have only just got our new cars into proper running condition after receiving them this spring. No wonder makers are beginning to look at dates with dislike and trying to find a means of lengthening in place of the present shortening of each motor year.

Still, critics may complain, but statistics favour this "short term" existence, as, at the end of August 1934, the total number of cars registered were 1,298,440; these had increased to 1,304,184 by the end of September instead of the usual drop in purchasers. This August it is expected that the car registrations issued by the Ministry of Transport will be in the neighbourhood of 1,443,000, and perhaps reach the million-and-a-half total in September, should the "new season's models" prove as attractive in price as they are in appearance to the buying public. In fact, while there are some months in which the sale of British-made cars do decrease, the general trend of the public is to discard dates and buy new cars when it best suits their own convenience. This

is all to the good of the motor industry, as nothing is worse than a heavy seasonal trade with many blank weeks in between. It helps to make the goods cost more and disorganises the personnel at the manufacturing centres.



THE MOTOR YACHT "WILNA"; OWNED BY MR. W. H. COLLINS: THE LATEST AND FASTEST CRAFT OF HER TONNAGE.

The "Wilna," which is owned by Mr. W. H. Collins, of Wexham Park, Bucks, was built by Cochrane and Sons, Selby, finished by George Marvin, Cowes, and furnished throughout by Fortnum and Mason, London. She has three double state rooms, one single room, and three baths. Her hot-water system is a notable feature. Cooking is done by electricity.



THE NEW ALVIS "CRESTED EAGLE" FOUR-LIGHT SALOON: A SPECIALLY DESIGNED MODEL; IN A WARWICKSHIRE SETTING.

This model was specially designed for long-distance travel, and has exceptional provision for the carriage of luggage in the extra-large luggage-locker at the rear.

The performance capabilities of quantity-produced cars has undergone a remarkable improvement with the announcement recently of new Series models. Hitherto, only sports cars especially designed for the work have been able successfully to compete in the difficult rallies and trials organised by motor car clubs for the entertainment of their members. Now normal production saloon types are winning premier places in competition against specially built and more expensive models. This was demonstrated in the M.C.C. Torquay Rally held recently, when a Morris "Eight" saloon costing £130 made the best performance in the class for cars paying up to £7 10s. tax. A Series II. Morris "Ten" saloon, which also won a second-class award for performance in the 12-h.p. class, took first prize for appearance in comparison with all closed cars costing up to £250.

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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

DEAUVILLE—NORMANDY'S GAY SEASIDE RESORT.

THE coast of Normandy, with its white cliffs and its golden sands, is a very attractive one, and this and its good summer climate has led to its present popularity with those in search of seaside holiday resorts. Having chosen Normandy, it is not an easy matter to make a selection from the many resorts scattered along its seaboard, but you will certainly have no cause to regret a trial of Deauville, most modern of them all, and one of the most fashionable watering-places in Europe. Situated opposite Le Havre—from which it is but a few miles distant by steamer or by road-auto-car service—Deauville is an extremely conveniently placed resort for visitors from this country. One can travel there almost direct by the daily Waterloo-Southampton-Le Havre service of the Southern Railway, Sundays excepted, and one can reach it by plane in seventy minutes, by the Olley Air Service, from Croydon. It stretches along by the sea and the bank of the River Touques, on the opposite side of which is Trouville, connected with Deauville by means of a bridge and a ferry. Deauville has a terrace and a promenade extending along the sea-front for more than a mile, and bordered with beautiful gardens ablaze with the flowers of the season. Here, in this charming situation, are many of the hotels for which Deauville is famed; and here, too, facing the beach, is the Casino, luxuriously appointed and containing a fine central hall, a theatre, rooms for *boule* and *baccarat*, and a restaurant with a reputation for its service and cuisine.

Deauville beach is world-famous: it is the rendezvous for society folk from many a capital in Europe

and from America, and it is gay indeed with its hundreds of private bathing cabins and its crowds of bathers and their striped umbrella sun-shelters of gorgeous hues. The sand is fine and the slope is so gradual that bathing is very safe, whilst for those who wish for a luxury bath there is a bathing establishment known as "Les Bains Pompéiens," which is fashioned on the lines of the Roman baths of Pompeii, and which has some two hundred cabins with hot

slopes of Mont Canisy, of eighteen holes, with a relief course of nine holes; and the other, of eighteen holes, on the hills above the Deauville-St. Arnoult Road, about a mile distant from the Casino. This also has a nine-hole relief course, and a hotel, which does duty as a club-house, and there is a regular bus service between the course and the Casino. Tennis is provided for on the grand scale—at the Tennis Club, where there are upwards of thirty courts. There is a fine racecourse at Clairefontaine, about a mile inland, where, during the racing season, from the last week in July until the first week in September, there are trotting races, flat racing, and steeplechasing.

Apart from the lure of its beach and its many distractions in the form of sport and amusement, Deauville makes a special appeal as a holiday resort, in that it is a splendid centre for excursions to interesting places in Normandy and for exploring the charming Norman countryside—one so like that of southern England in its orchards and rich pastures and its woods and streams, many of the latter noted for their trout. Quite near at hand is Caen, with its castle founded by William the Conqueror and completed by our Henry I. when Normandy was united with England. The Romanesque church of St. Étienne, or l'Abbaye-aux-Hommes, is of great interest to English visitors, since it was founded by William the Conqueror. Some twenty miles south-east of Caen is Falaise, with its castle, partly in ruins, in which William the Conqueror was born; and a dozen miles or so north-west of Caen is Bayeux, where may be seen, under glass, the famous Bayeux Tapestry, which has been termed "the noblest monument in the world relating to our old English history." Rouen, with its beautiful cathedral and its tragic association with Joan of Arc, also lies within easy reach of Deauville, and forms another link in the chain of history which unites Normandy with England.



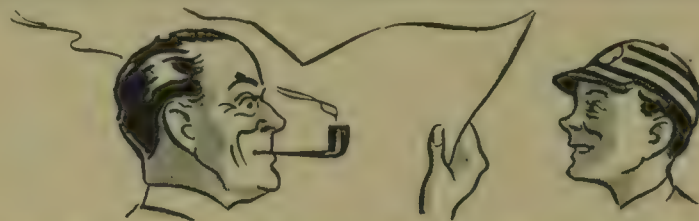
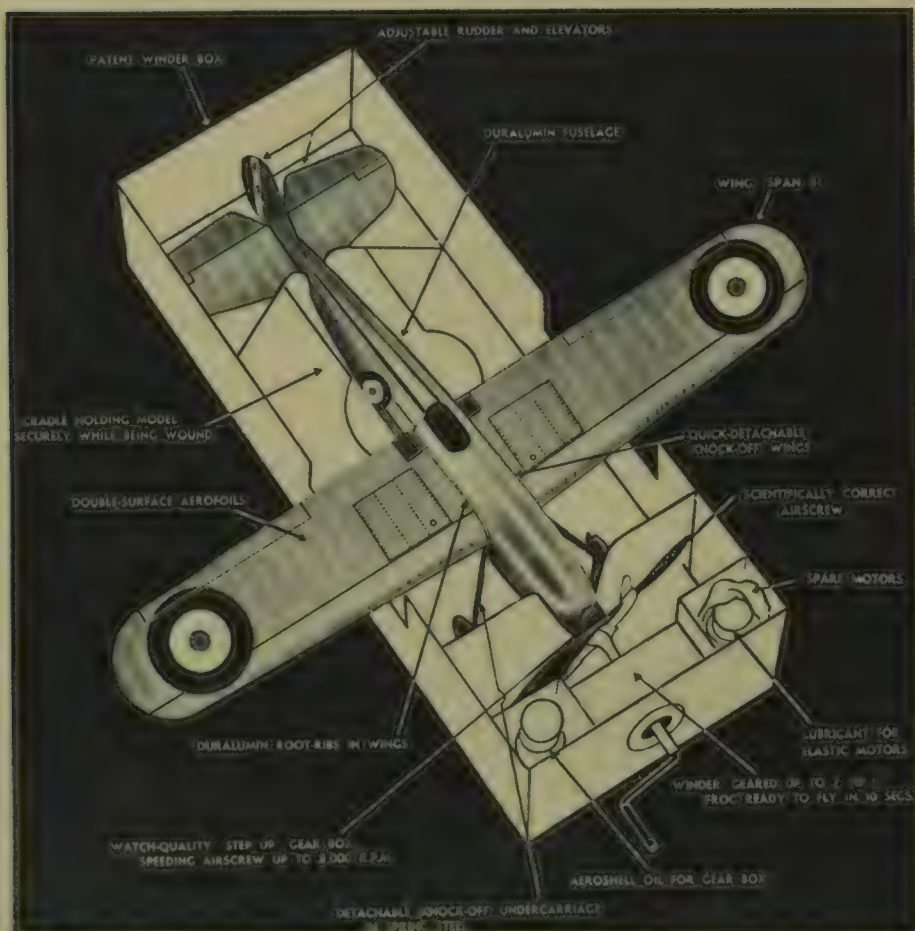
DEAUVILLE, NORMANDY'S GAY SEASIDE RESORT: A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR YACHTS, WHICH MAKE IT THEIR RENDEZVOUS DURING THE SEASON.

Photograph by the French National Touring Office, London.

and cold running water, vapour baths, and rooms for various treatments, including massage.

Other sports features of Deauville are its specially constructed harbour for pleasure yachts, which enables a good yachting programme to be carried out, including international regattas, two excellent golf-courses—one on the site of the dunes between the sea and the

seen, under glass, the famous Bayeux Tapestry, which has been termed "the noblest monument in the world relating to our old English history." Rouen, with its beautiful cathedral and its tragic association with Joan of Arc, also lies within easy reach of Deauville, and forms another link in the chain of history which unites Normandy with England.



How to get a "FROG" out of Father

"Dad, oughtn't I to know all about flying?"

"Certainly, my boy—our Empire's future lies in the air—I'll get you a book all about it."

"I know all about books—it's a model I want—one that really behaves like a real aeroplane, and looks like one—and there's only one kind like that, the 'FROG.' It can rise off the ground, loop the loop, do stunts, and all the principles of aerodynamics can be learnt. . . ."

"I don't know where you learnt those big words from, but you have learnt how to get round your old father—here's five bob—no, I'll make it ten, and buy one for me."

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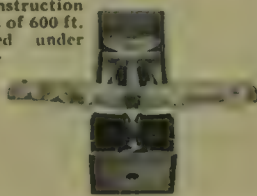
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Please write in block letters.



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“When night-life was spoiling my balance,
Schweppes Tonic, my boy,
Gave me back my sangfroy”
And he hung by one toe with nonchalance.

Schweppes

TONIC WATER

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

THE realists who are engaged in trying to tell the whole truth about their fellow-creatures continue to show signs of a new departure. Thomas Hardy, speaking of the Dorset villagers, said the whole truth was impossible to tell: the modern school appears to be coming to the same conclusion. There is evidence in this month's novels of a recoil from accepting the Freudian analysis as the final judgment, and of a keener search for clear well-springs behind the dark mystery. You will find it in "The Wolf at the Door," by Robert Francis; "The Nun and the Bandit," by E. L. Grant Watson; and "The Unknown Eros," by Doris Langley Moore.

Robert Francis—a pseudonym—is a Frenchman of twenty-five. "The Wolf at the Door" is fantastic, but it is profound in its penetration into the spirit of the woman who relates the story of her childhood. The scene is a farm in the Department of the Somme, where the author lived when he was a boy. The period is before and during the early days of the Third Republic. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who writes the introduction, quotes Jaloux, the critic, who saw in Francis's work the quality of a beautiful dream. It is true that his imagination hovers between things seen and things unseen; but the earthbound realities of the Pamploix family, poverty-stricken father, mother, and little children, are plain enough. It is when one understands how a girl child's fear of life came to induce her escapes into fantasy that M. Francis's flights can be appreciated at their full value. He delights in human oddities, and he bubbles over with extravagance; but there is in him the grace of a poet, and the development of his theme is beyond praise.

E. L. Grant Watson challenges the common conceptions of good and evil. He has pitted a man and woman against each other, the man the very personification of evil, the woman young, pure of heart, and dedicated to the religious life. The place where they came face to face was



A THERMOMETER WHICH CAN BE READ LIKE A CLOCK: TWO SCALES, INDICATING THE AIR AND WATER TEMPERATURES, ACTUATED BY A BI-METAL "ROTOTHERM" AT A PUBLIC SWIMMING BATH.

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in the solitudes of Western Australia, the back of beyond, behind a mining township. Michael—a parricide, a blackmailer—and his two loutish brothers, waylaid the Nun, and, being resisted in their attempt to kidnap the young girl in her charge, carried them both off. When Michael had dismissed his

brothers and set the child free, he kept Lucy. What then? If this were a conventional tale, she would have overcome evil with good. Or being the victim of a man's lust, she would have killed herself. But what is good? What is evil? The man laid bare his savage, tortured spirit. Lucy did not even go a little mad, like D. H. Lawrence's spinster on the mountain. Rather she attained to a wider sanity, seeing how both he and she had been changed in their strange interlude; how she was turned from hatred to compassion, and his possession of her revealed less the brute than the primitive man. They were both equally insignificant, Lucy reflected, lying beside him under the stars and pondering their mystery in the tremendous isolation of the wilderness. "The Nun and the Bandit" leaves a haunting impression, partly because of the superb setting of the final scene, and partly because it is a book in which harsh discords compose an arresting harmony.

In Doris Langley Moore's novel we have a vigorous attempt to throw new light on the old situation of the charming wife whose husband fails to satisfy her, and who accepts a lover. Zoe, in "The Unknown Eros," invested her egoism with glamour, and the novelty of the book lies in the intrusion of the symbolical Eros into her affairs. She was, and felt herself to be, a superior person among her Philistine aunts and cousins. She was fascinating, cultured, and a gifted musician. Also, her creator has been kind enough to provide her with a sense of humour. Zoe was plagued by her yearning for the fuller life until, "by some obscure and indefinable process," she was inspired to discover the attributes of Eros—love, beauty and music—merging themselves in unison. The serious purpose of the novel is enlivened by an astute observation of specious people. It is a clever touch that makes Theo, the negative husband, the one character who

[Continued overleaf.]



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Continued.]
could see and think with a practical and matter-of-fact honesty.

Hilda Vaughan's "The Curtain Rises" gives us the progress of a Welsh girl from maid-of-all-work in a public-house to arrival as a dramatist. It may be thought this is an unlikely case; but Miss Vaughan has made it convincing. A soft Welsh voice, for one thing, unlocks many doors. Then Nesta had humility and the desire to learn, and with them a simple wisdom. None of these gifts sufficed to save her from unhappiness, or from descent into the valley of the shadow, but they helped her to secure a footing in London, and they contributed to her success as a playwright. She threw away her prospects of fame and fortune for an unworthy lover, and when she found journey's end it was where she had started, in the hills of Wales. Nobody needs to be told how well Miss Vaughan can describe their loveliness, and their call to heartsick wanderers. "The Curtain Rises" is a long novel that holds one's interest throughout.

The next four books are stories of foreign adventure. "The Hills Sleep On," by Joanna Cannan, is an excellent romance of the high Tibetan borderland, where Bolshevik intriguers meet an English gentleman, and death and treachery set to partners on the edge of a Himalayan glacier. If it were not that James Hilton produced "Lost Horizons" a little while ago, this would be quite the best novel about something sought behind the ranges that has appeared for many years.

Then there is A. E. W. Mason's "They Wouldn't Be Chessmen," which plays, mainly, in Paris and Caudebec. It begins at the gates of Dartmoor prison; that is by way of curtain-raiser. M. Hanaud of the Sûreté puts in a welcome appearance when the big business of the Rajah's string of pearls is fairly humming and the thrills are crowding thick and fast. Mr. Mason's point is that a criminal may plan with megalomaniac cunning, and yet the incalculable element in human actions will defeat him. A very good Mason; there is no need to say more to commend "They Wouldn't Be Chessmen."

Any book by a Morrison should be worth reading. "Tempest in Paradise," by Janet Morrison, comes through rather as an interesting footnote to contemporary history than a successful novel. Still, here is the Harbin of to-day, drawn by one who knows, and the tragic love-story of a White Russian refugee. "Port of Heaven" is a sea yarn, and a work of artistic merit. Thomas Washington Metcalfe has gone to the sea-dogs. He chinks buried treasure in your ear; he puts a lost island on the map. He juggles with wrecks and pirates, and the hazards of love, and a little cripple fellow who has as many lives as a cat. His adventurers sail out of Liverpool in the grand days of sailing ships. The sense of colour and the glory of tropical seas is thrilling in "Port of Heaven," so that it is a gorgeous as well as a delectable romance.

"Brighter Bondage," by Claudia Parsons and "Wigs on the Green," by Nancy Mitford, are witty and lively. The wit is sparkling in "Brighter Bondage," and ebullient in Miss Mitford's book. Mrs. Parsons follows the fortunes of a plucky young widow who kept her spirits up and her head above water after her husband's death and the loss of their comfortable income. Antonia invested her mite in a country cottage, which was let and re-let for her by a managing village woman, one of those good neighbours who come in to oblige, and remain to rule. While the tenants were in possession, Antonia was making her experiences. She went to Sweden to be a companion in a delightful family, and she returned to England to take service as a chauffeuse to a solitary old lady. She moved on to an engagement with an American, Mrs. Hopkinson, ostensibly to read Shakespeare to her (though Mrs. Hopkinson knew much more about him and his works than Antonia), but actually to provide the authentic British flavour in the hospitable lady's circle. This is a gay story, because Antonia chose to be gay, and it was her twinkling courage that carried her through to the happy ending. It is a thoroughly enjoyable novel. "Wigs on the Green" cuts capers on the Green, making fun of Fascism, and the village pageant, and fortune-seeking young men, and exhibiting a genial tolerance for everybody, and especially for scamps and cranks. Both these books are ideal for holiday reading.

"Innocence and Design" by Richard Waughburton—which sounds like a pseudonym—is good satire, directed chiefly upon the reception accorded in ancient Asiatic monarchies to the wives of European diplomacy, and upon the intentions and manners of the European visitors. Mr. Waughburton evidently knows his Persia, and his

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Wolf at the Door. By Robert Francis. (Allen and Unwin; 8s. 6d.)
The Nun and the Bandit. By E. L. Grant Watson. (Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.)
The Unknown Eros. By Doris Langley Moore. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
The Curtain Rises. By Hilda Vaughan. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
The Hills Sleep On. By Joanna Cannan. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
They Wouldn't Be Chessmen. By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
Tempest in Paradise. By Janet Morrison. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
Port of Heaven. By Thomas Washington Metcalfe. (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)
Brighter Bondage. By Claudia Parsons. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
Wigs on the Green. By Nancy Mitford. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.)
Innocence and Design. By Richard Waughburton. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
Death in the Clouds. By Agatha Christie. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Murder in the Sentry Box. By Newton Gayle. (Violancz; 7s. 6d.)

account of the peregrination of certain English travellers in the sovereign State of Media is artfully interleaved with a nice comparison of Western and Eastern standards of propriety. "Innocence and Design" must be great fun to the people who have been in Central Asia—Miss Ella Sykes, for example, whose side-saddle miraculously turns up—and even the people who have not will find it highly entertaining.

We really think Agatha Christie has beaten her own record with "Death in the Clouds." It is the perfect detective story. Of course, if M. Poirot, who was one of the passengers in the 'plane, had not been air-sick at the moment when the deed was done, there could have been no story. Once landed and confronted with the corpse, Poirot was naturally in his element, and it did not take him long to single out the killer. You, however, will be kept guessing until the last chapter, and the revelation, when you get it, will be staggering.

"Murder in the Sentry Box" is murder in a castle in Porto Rica that had known all there was to know about bloodshed in the old buccaneering days, but had come down to the vulgar invasion of tourists. In this case it lent itself conveniently to the violent removal of one of the horde. Newton Gayle continues to be ingenious, and to write with the lightness and brightness the thriller public has learned to demand.

"THE UNGUARDED HOUR" (DALY'S)

A MYSTERY-THRILLER distinctly off the beaten track, and one that provides Mr. Godfrey Tearle with a part that will gratify all his admirers, for it keeps him on the stage practically all the time. The entire burden of the play rests on his shoulders, and he carries the burden with the greatest of ease. He has seldom given a more convincing performance. He plays the rôle of a K.C., Sir Francis Dearden, more interested in law than justice. After an opening scene, obviously designed to create atmosphere, but which doesn't, and should, therefore, be cut, we find Sir Francis in Court, prosecuting counsel against a man named Metcalf, charged with the murder of his wife. The evidence tells damnably against the prisoner. With great cunning the author leaves the audience in doubt as to whether Sir Francis himself had actually committed a murder between the hours of six and seven, until the final fall of the curtain. The ease with which he was then cleared from all possible suspicion was so logical and reasonable that amateur detectives should have spotted the clue the moment it was dropped. A somewhat different murder-mystery-trial-scene drama that should win success.

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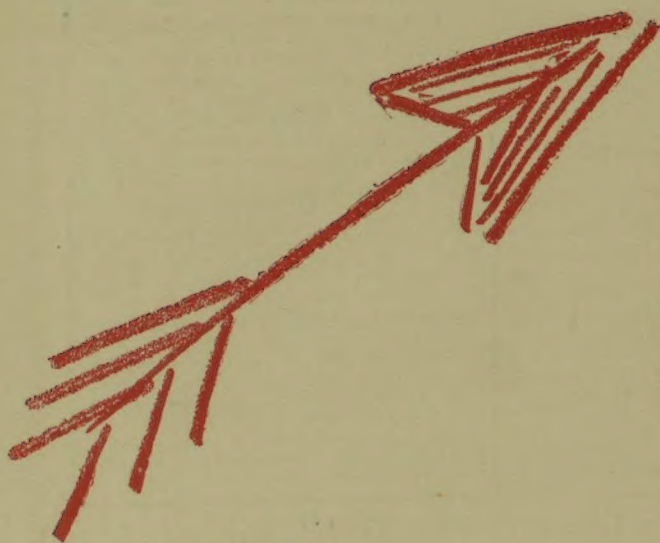
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